COMMUNICATIONS · BOOKS · MOVIES · TRAVEL · THEATER

Saturday Review

JULY 10, 1971 50¢

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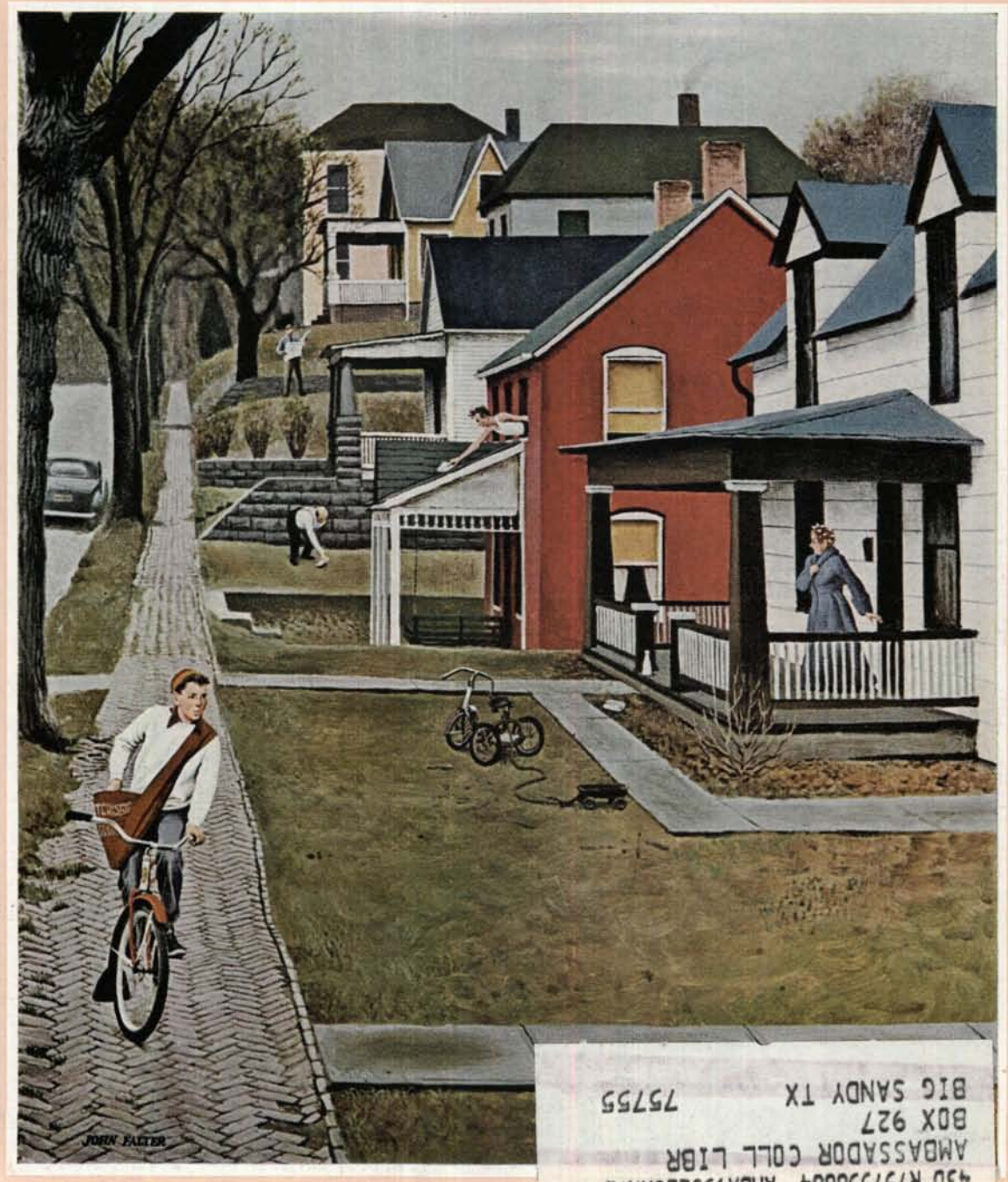
ARE ILLUSTRATORS OBSOLETE?

by Stuart W. Little



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Saturday Evening Post cover illustration by John Falter (1951)

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Which one is the $7,300 Mercedes? Which one is the $3,600 Audi?

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Another leaf from our 125-year history

It wasn't prudery that made her kiss through a handkerchief. It was panic.

No sooner was the World War I Armistice declared than the universe was rocked by a more deadly horror.

Influenza.

It raged from continent to continent. It mowed down 5 million in India. Some 400,000 in the United States died from it. In a few short months it killed off more people than the four years of World War I.

Because nobody then knew how this devastating disease spread from person to person, some strange "remedies" were tried. The New York Public Library stopped all circulation of books. Barber shops went out of business. The New York Medical Society warned against handshaking. And any public kissing or phoning was usually done through a handkerchief.

The crisis tested the whole institution of life insurance as never before. It was seriously questioned by some whether even the oldest, most respected life insurance companies could survive the disaster.

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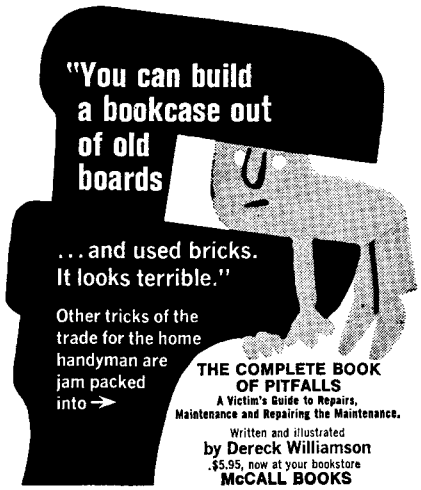
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Saturday Review

Cover story, page 40

Are Illustrators Obsolete?

by Stuart W. Little

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IDEAS

15 Edward Stratemeyer and His Book Machine by Arthur Prager

EDITORIAL

18 The Pentagon Papers, Continued

BOOKS

21 The New Sexistentialism by Benjamin DeMott, an essay review on America's middle-class swingers

21 Index of Books Reviewed

25 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

COMMUNICATIONS

37 When Newspapers Do Their Thing by Richard L. Tobin

40 Are Illustrators Obsolete? by Stuart W. Little

45 Everything Changes—Even the Newsroom by M. L. Stein

47 Public Relations: The Opening Door by L. L. L. Golden

48 Micrographics: A Growing Industry by John Tebbel

THE ARTS

MOVIES

12 Arthur Knight reviews "The Anderson Tapes," "Fools' Parade," "Wild Rovers," and "The Hunting Party."

MUSIC

20 Irving Kolodin: Today and Yesterday in Musical Melbourne

DANCE

31 Walter Terry toasts Alicia Alonso in Montreal.

THEATER

36 Henry Hewes assesses "Lenny" and "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel."

TRAVEL

32 David Butwin splashes through San Diego.

COLUMNS

4 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

19 Letters to the Editor

34 Nicholas G. Balint: As Others See Us

GAMES

22 Your Literary I.Q.

26 Literary Crypt

29 Wit Twister

58 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1944

CARTOONISTS: Mort Gerberg, Herb Goldberg, Al Kaufman, Dick Oldden, Mischa Richter, John Ruge, Francis Smith, George Wolfe

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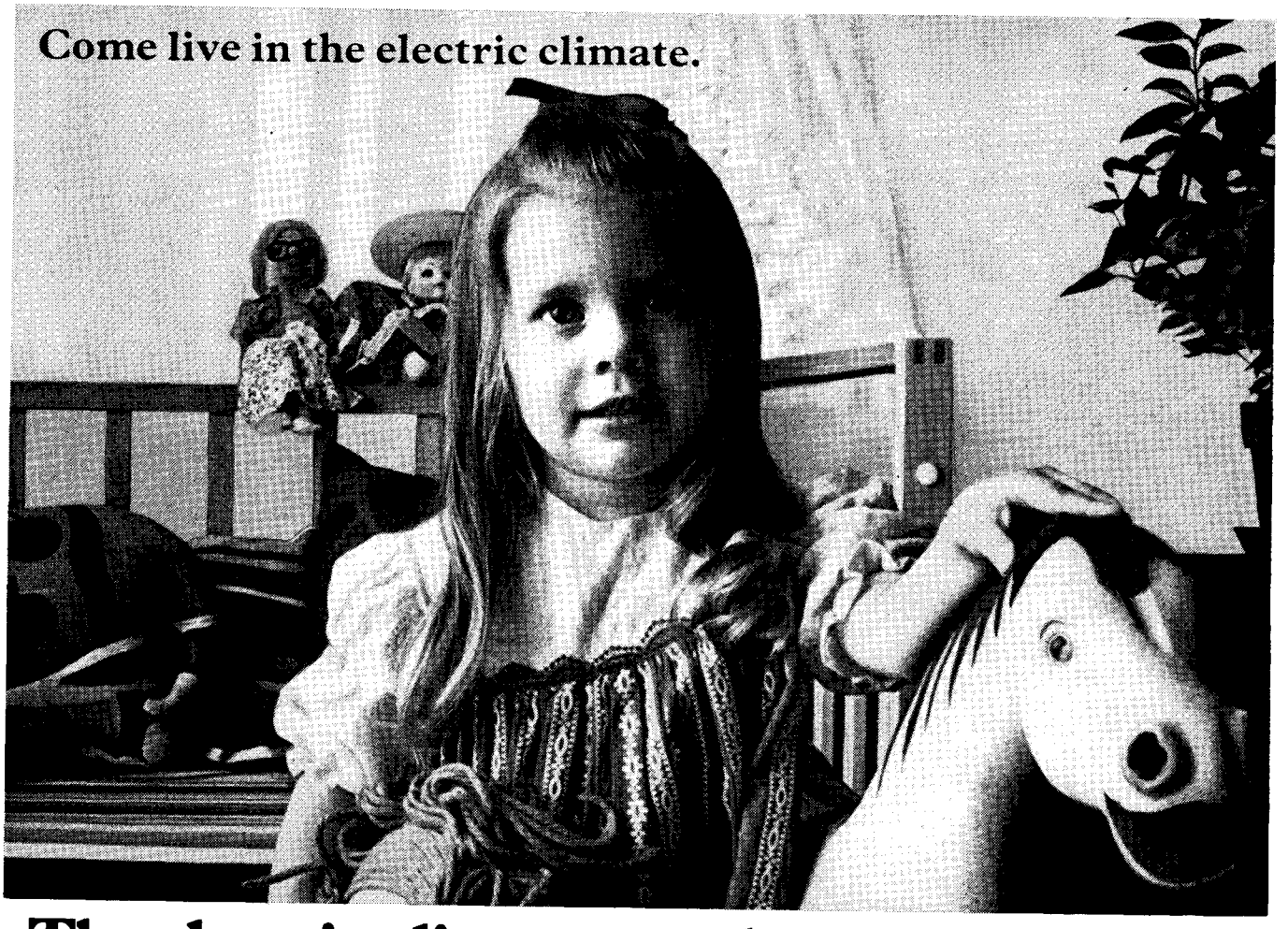

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Classified of the Week—via Miss Chick White of Amarillo, Texas, in the Amarillo *Daily News:*

> LOST WIFE, 5'5", 113 pounds. Answers to the name Shirley. Very bad temper. If you find—please keep. R.F.

Okay, finders keepers. But aren't losers supposed to be *weepers*? In any case, there was another Classified of the Week found by Mrs. Mickey Tomlinson of Richmond, Virginia, in the *Times-Dispatch.*

> RETIRED Army officers for sale at wholesale prices, Persian rugs, Kirman-Kershan-Bactari; hand brass tables; Samovars and assorted antiques.

What more could anyone want? Samovars, assorted antiques, and old brass. "My husband," says Mrs. Tomlinson, "would like an Army nurse, very young. For me, I'll take a brigadier general as about my speed."

It really was the week for classifieds—as witness still another from Leonie Zanger of Los Angeles, who found it in the Los Angeles *Times:*

> CONTROLLER
> Closely held co in Signal Hill area—rapidly growing, financially sound service co with great potential—new prestige offices—will also assist president—excellent opportunity—requires "working controller" to handle all accounting cuties.

Special handling, we hope. Finally, Orrin Cornwall of Bothell, Washington, found, in an AP story in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* the following report of the fire aboard the Norwegian cruise ship *Meteor:*

> Esther Roska, 22, said the doors were locked at night to prevent crew members going into the passenger section of the ship.
>
> Miss Roska said she escaped alone from the fire on "B" deck after losing track of her cabin mate and a male crew member who had been sharing her bunk.

Frank Capra's *The Name Above the Title* (Macmillan) may not be the best book of the year, and it is certainly something below its John Ford blurb, "It is great, great, great!" But one thing is certain. It is one of the best-*looking* books—all put together in screen style with chapter titles as "take" signs, pictures as film clips, etc.

When we met Mr. Capra in the Plaza Oak Room, we presumed he must know a good deal about the book business. "I don't know a thing about the publishing racket," he said.

"Racket?" we questioned sternly. "Don't worry," he replied enigmatically. "I use the same word for the film business."

The director of *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* once had eleven straight successes. Only three of his pictures ever lost money: *The Bitter Tea of General Yen,* whose unprofitability he attributes to the fact that it was banned by the British Empire for depicting miscegenation; *The Miracle Woman,* which was banned for irreverence; and *Pocketful of Miracles,* his last, because Glenn Ford, a "garden-variety star," as Mr. Capra called him, made him do something that neither Mack Sennett, Harry Cohn, L. B. Mayer, nor Jack Warner had ever once been able to do—make him do a film not Mr. Capra's way but Mr. Ford's.

"I was getting too old," he told us. "It was principle or money, and I opted for money." We decided to get off his few film failures. Did he, we asked, ever fail with an actor? "Yes," he said, "I failed with Warner Baxter in *Broadway Bill.* It was about horses, and Baxter was afraid of horses. But," he continued, "I remade it with Bing Crosby. He loves horses."

Mr. Capra told us the most difficult part of directing was shooting scenes out of time and context that, as he put it "must fit into their exact spot in the mosaic of the finished film, with their exact shading in mood, suspense, and growing relationships of love or conflict." He paused. "It is a pitfall of many big stars to think they can star and direct too. Charlie Chaplin could—and Olivier has done it—but most can't. Take Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks.* Or John Wayne in *The Alamo.* Or even Paul Newman. An actor has his hands full—just being somebody else. Don't forget the director is an audience of one. The actor must trust somebody else. As a matter of fact, he must trust his whole career to the director."

We decided it was time for an obvious question. Did he fall in love with his leading ladies? "Some," he said. "Some I disliked. I work what I call 'people to people.' I wanted people to be involved with the lives of the people on the screen—not as actors but as people. With me, the picture was always the star."

But didn't Mr. Capra share stardom with his pictures? He nodded. "In my very first picture," he said, "I traded salary for billing. And even at the height of my career, I was still trading salary for fame. The fame gave me the power. 'Never mind the goddamn salary.' I tell young directors. 'Get the right to cut your picture and supervise your own story.'"

Did Mr. Capra consider himself a writer also? "I consider, in a sense, that I wrote all my pictures," he said. "They had to be written *through* me."

What about pictures today? we asked. "We are in a different world today," he said, "because of these new-found freedoms and all the disrespect for tradition. We are at an innovative stage in everything—a gimmick stage. But I think it's a passing fancy. The violence and the nudity will fade. Look at *Love Story.* People want human stories—stories that move you. An out-of-focus shot or a hand-held camera can't move you. Those are ego-massagers."

Mr. Capra, who came from a poor family in Sicily and arrived in this country at age six, now has homes in La Quinta, outside of Palm Springs, and in the High Sierras. He is a great believer in America but no believer in today's constant criticism of it. "What's going on in the whole world," he told us, "is going on in this country. But, remember, this country is still leading."

We asked him finally what great story he would have liked best to have filmed but did not. "Well," he said, "I've always been a great Bible reader. There are great tales there, particularly in the Old Testament. But one I really would like to have made is the story of Saul. That conversion to Paul!" his eyes sparkled.

Who, we asked, would he cast as Saul? "Sinatra," he said quickly. "Definitely Sinatra. He's the superstar of today."

But, we asked, wasn't Mr. Sinatra, like Mr. Capra, retiring? He nodded. "He's getting a little old for what he's trying to do," he said. "That's all. He's like me. He wants to be No. 1." He paused once more. "Being No. 2, for me," he said, "is like being last."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1943)

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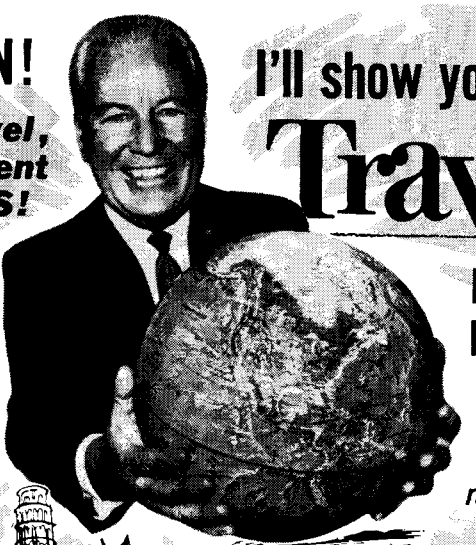

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

For Sale: Manhattan Island

YOU MUST HAVE read in the newspapers that the Penn Central Railroad, a going business that has been going through bankruptcy, is offering for sale twenty-eight parcels of prime mid-Manhattan real estate, on which stand some of New York City's most famous hotels, banks, and office buildings. The asking price for this land, scattered over ten city blocks, is $1.2-billion. Cash. No trinkets.

Trinkets, you recall, figured prominently in the original sale of the Isle of Manhattan. That was about 300 years ago when the white man was said by the Indians to have been born with a forked tongue. But not so Peter Minuit, a rich, fast-talking real estate operator who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. And had the cash to prove it.

"Well," said Peter Minuit, "it isn't exactly the location I had in mind, and I don't know if my Dutch colonists will back me up, but I'll give you twenty dollars for the whole island."

"Oh, no," said the Indian chief. "If white man offers twenty dollars it must be worth forty dollars. I don't know if the tribal council will back me up, but you can have it for thirty dollars."

"I'll give you twenty-two dollars," said Mr. Minuit. "How can you do better than that?"

"How?" asked the chief. "What do you mean 'how'?"

"I don't know. What do *you* mean 'how'?" asked Peter.

"Well, you said 'how' first. I didn't say 'how.' But let's not get into semantics."

"Listen, this island is a nothing place," said our canny operator.

"A nothing place!" said the chief. "Look, you're getting two rivers, one east, one west, and down there at the tip you have oceanfront property, and with clean air, and in the middle of the island you're getting grass and trees enough to make a centrally located park. I'll tell you what. We'll take twenty-five dollars."

"Tell you what I'm going to do for you," said Peter. "I'll give you twenty-four dollars and throw in these trinkets. That's absolutely my final offer."

"Sold," said the chief, gathering up the loot. They shook hands on it, and Peter walked away.

"Hmph!" hmphed the chief to a young Indian brave who had stood silently by. "I sure put one over on him."

"How?" asked the young brave.

"Now don't you start that. You young uns pick up everything you hear. The white man thinks he got a bargain. But wait. After many, many moons have passed, this desolate, but peaceful, island will be so overflowing with people, and structures, and litter, that even dogs will be forced to walk in the streets. I foresee."

"Chief," asked the young brave, "can I have those beads?"

"No, and get your hair cut."

Well, despite the Indian sign that was put on it, the Island of Manhattan grew and flourished. Or as it was known then, New Amsterdam. They even had a song about it: "New Amsterdam, New Amsterdam, it's a heck of a town. The Bronx is up and the Battery's down."

The name later was changed to New York City, now the world's greatest metropolis. The commercial and financial center of the United States. Of course, the center is having a lot of financial trouble today. New York City has grown and flourished so fast that recently our Mayor announced the city is $890-million in the hole. Shades of Penn Central.

All this from $24 and some trinkets. That Indian chief was a shrewd one to sell when he did—especially when you consider the alternative. Suppose he and Peter Minuit didn't come to terms, the Indians had held on to the island, and today, with all the injustices they have suffered, needed some cash and tried to sell twenty-eight parcels of their land for $1.2-billion dollars. Can you imagine the capital gains tax, from an original price of $24 and a few trinkets? Staggering!

So it's our city, and we're stuck with it. A city where every day some new thing goes wrong. If it isn't one thing, it's Con Ed. (Might as well blame all this on poor Con Ed, too.)

This past spring the Con Ed slogan was "Save a Watt." That was so we could save up enough electricity to keep our air conditioners going through this summer. Last winter their slogan was "Light a Light; Stop a Thief." So we used a lot of watts to trap a burglar. And now, without a light, in order to save a watt, a robber can enter in the dark of a hot night and steal our air conditioners.

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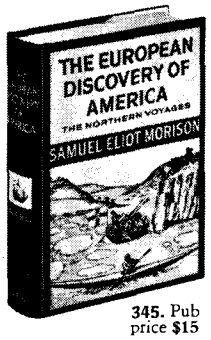

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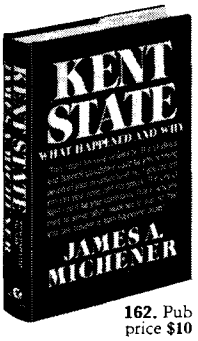

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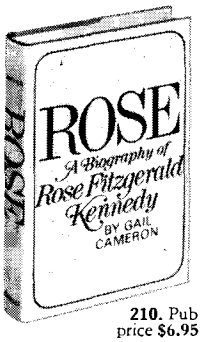

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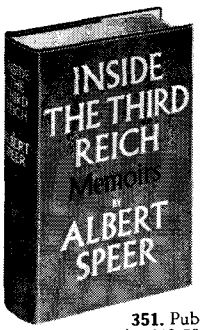

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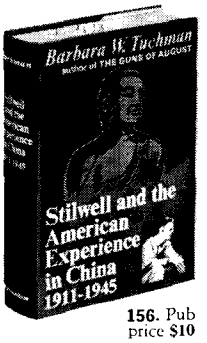

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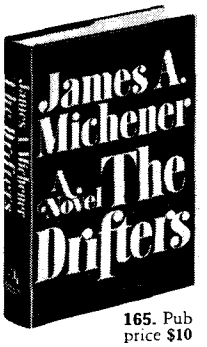

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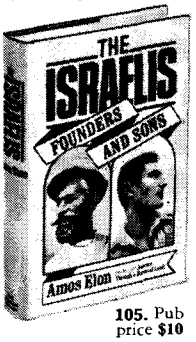

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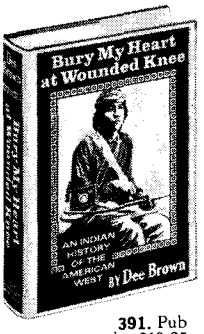

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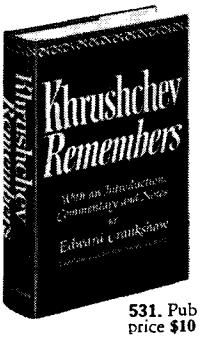

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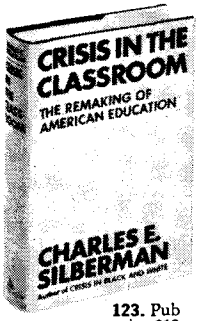

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Where the Action Is

CURIOUSLY, the term "action picture" usually carries with it the connotation of brainless entertainment, even though—from *Public Enemy* to *Bonnie and Clyde*—this obviously has not always been the case. Action pictures, whether shot in urban or Western settings, can make a social commentary that is often all the more trenchant simply because it doesn't seem to be what the movie is primarily about. What studio today, for example, would produce a picture that has as its central question the legalities of wiretapping, even though the subject is very much in the news? And yet *The Anderson Tapes*, Sidney Lumet's new "caper" movie, makes governmental 'round-the-clock surveillance the ironic *deus ex machina* that wrecks an otherwise perfect crime. The irony lies in the fact that the FBI and the New York police were compiling their tapes to trap a different set of criminals.

Based on Lawrence Sanders's clever novel, and ingeniously restructured by Frank Pierson into an absorbing yet funny screenplay, the film introduces Sean Connery as the mastermind of a scheme to burglarize an entire Manhattan apartment house in one fell swoop. The plot gains momentum as he recruits his gang, then moves into high for a deliciously detailed account of the burglary itself, its split-second precision countered by our awareness that, through no fault of their own, the thieves aren't going to get away with it. And Lumet tops all of this with a screeching chase down Fifth Avenue for a (literally) smash finale. Connery is as forceful and laconic as ever; Dyan Cannon has little to do beyond look enticing, which she manages very well; but Martin Balsam practically walks off with the show with his broad caricature of a swishy antique dealer caught up in the caper. Wisely for a film of this type, both the writer and the director have subordinated substance to action, but the very fact that substance is there makes the action appear more exciting and important.

If *Fools' Parade* has a moral, it is probably "Never trust a banker." This suspenseful story, set in West Virginia during the mid-Thirties, follows the adventures of ex-con James Stewart, released from jail with a check for $25,452.32, his accumulated earnings during his long incarceration. George Kennedy, a corrupt prison guard (and also a religious fanatic), has cooked up a scheme with the local banker to prevent Stewart from ever collecting. When Stewart, in a surprise maneuver, manages to cash the check anyway, Kennedy tracks him to get the money for himself. Based on a novel by the estimable Davis Grubb, tautly written by James Lee Barrett, and directed by Andrew V. McLaglen with a sharp eye for the people, the place, the period, and the pacing of his story, *Fools' Parade* is one of the most satisfying "actioners" in many a year.

Although the wild, wild West is usually where the action is, oddly enough this is not so in Blake Edwards's *Wild Rovers*, co-starring William Holden and Ryan O'Neal. Obviously, Edwards intended more — far more — than another (albeit superior) variation on the familiar pattern of flight and pursuit across magnificent stretches of Western landscape. Shards of those intentions are still visible in the foreshortened earlier sequences, ones in which such capable character actors as Karl Malden, Lynn Carlin, Rachel Roberts, and Leora Dana are reduced to little more than walk-ons. There are also fragments of philosophy about the nature of life, death, and the importance of getting to know people from the inside that may seem a bit high-falutin' coming from the lips of cowpoke Holden, but these too suggest more of Edwards's intentions.

Ironically, it is precisely because we don't get to know the people in this film sufficiently well that it degenerates into a rather casually planned bank robbery followed by an episodic cross-country chase of Holden and O'Neal by Tom Skerritt and Joe Don Baker. One can only guess at the reason for their tenacity.

Another pursuit through the old West is the pretext for one of the ugliest and most sadistic pictures of this or any year, *The Hunting Party*. In it, Gene Hackman leads a group of wealthy hunters, all equipped with high-powered rifles, in pursuit of the gang of desperadoes that has made off with his wife, Candice Bergen. From then on, it is a matter of watching faces, chests, and backs explode into gore — except for Miss Bergen, who gets hers in the crotch. There is only one thing wrong with *The Hunting Party*: They shot the script instead of the writers.

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"This is not a book but a vital, throbbing human document.

...It moves forward and onward like a tidal wave, sparing nothing in its path, not a crumb, not even a microbe. If it were a work of fiction I would say it was unreal."
HENRY MILLER

The world thought it knew this woman. Hildegard Knef. Berliner. Prisoner of war. Ambitious actress. International film star. Husky-voiced Ninochka in Broadway's *Silk Stockings*. Famous—and infamous—for a few filmed seconds of nudity in the "innocent" Fifties.

Hildegard Knef has just written a book that is a publishing phenomenon. It was the sensation of the Frankfurt Book Fair and an instant number one bestseller abroad, eclipsing *Papillon, Love Story* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman* on the German bestseller list. The book? Her autobiography.

"She writes with a pen as honest and sharp as a scalpel," says *Publishers' Weekly,* marveling at her constant vignettes of family and friends—Marlene Dietrich, Marilyn Monroe, George Kaufman, Jack Warner. With a grand sweep, she shares her earliest childhood memories, the war (disguised as a soldier, she went to the front with her lover), Russian captivity, starvation, illness.

She discusses her careers, two marriages, the scandal, Hollywood phoniness, American naïveté with devastating candor.

Yet all the while, she manages to preserve a personal core of vitality that is hers alone. "A genuinely fascinating book by an extraordinary woman."
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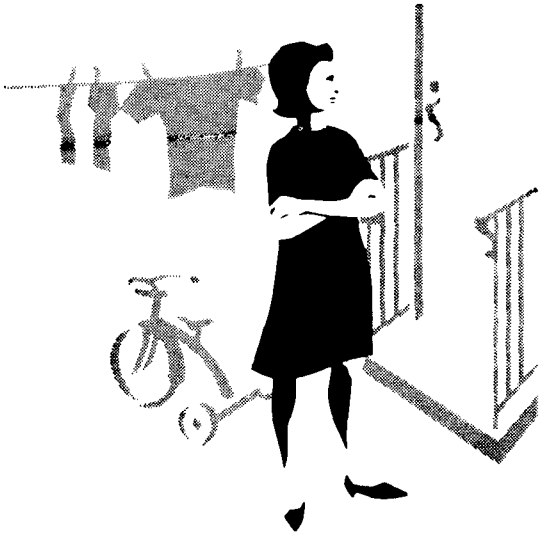
After all the sound and the fury here are hard facts



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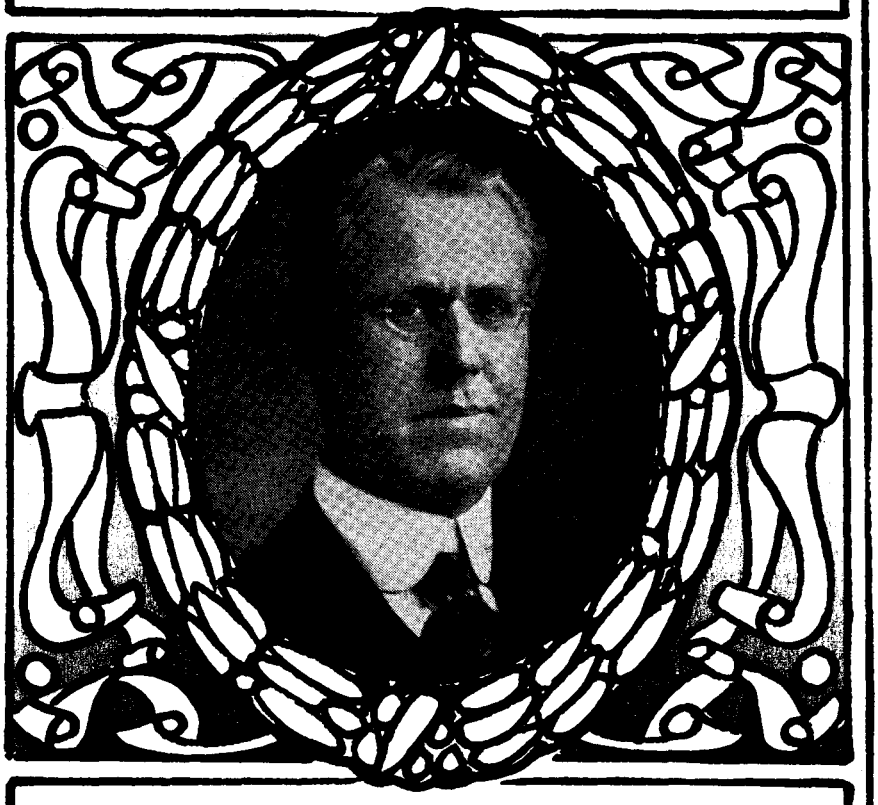
Edward Stratemeyer AND HIS Book Machine



By Arthur Prager

Or how a shopkeeper-turned-author hit the jackpot by parlaying adventure, heroism, and clean living into Tom Swift, Nancy Drew, the Rover Boys, the Bobbsey Twins, etc., etc., etc.

The year was 1886, the place Maurice Stratemeyer's tobacco store in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Minding the store was twenty-five-year-old Edward Stratemeyer, the proprietor's brother, a serious, bespectacled young fellow wearing what in later years would be known as a Herbert Hoover collar. One slow afternoon, he tore a generous length of wrapping paper from the roll on the counter and sat down to write a story.

It was the opening salvo of a fantastic literary barrage that would encompass an output of more than 800 books written under sixty-five pseudonyms and translated into a dozen languages. Most readers would never know his real name, but he would have almost as great an effect on the pre-teens of his day as the invention of television would have on a later generation. By 1926, an American Library Association-sponsored survey of juvenile reading, covering 36,000 school children in thirty-four cities, would reveal that when asked about their favorite books, 98 per cent of the group answered with a Stratemeyer title.

Edward sent his story to *Golden Days*, a Philadelphia weekly for boys. After a suitable interval, a check for $75 arrived, not bad for an era when the average wage was $12.72 for a fifty-nine-hour week. "You'd better write some more," said his father, a businessman not given to effusive comment, but young Edward had his head screwed on the right way. Art was one thing, commerce another. He banked the $75 and in no time at all had saved enough to open a stationery store in Newark.

But the writing virus had taken hold, and the wrapping paper continued to do double duty, sometimes enveloping merchandise and sometimes winged words. Time was money, and our hero, a passionate admirer of the works of Horatio Alger, Jr., and Oliver Optic, knew all about that. Work hard and you'll win through! In his spare time, he became a regular contributor to Frank Munsey's *Golden Argosy*. As his output increased, so did his reputation. He was offered the editorship of *Good News*, a boys' weekly published by Street & Smith, the titans of the pulp magazine field. He hesitated before accepting. He had married in 1891, and business was good. At last he decided to take the plunge. After all, if it didn't work out, he could always go back to the store.

It was the Golden Age of the dime novel. The preferred plot line for juvenile reading had been the rags-to-

ARTHUR PRAGER is the author of *Rascals at Large* (to be published this fall by Doubleday), a nostalgic analysis of the juvenile literary heroes and heroines of the past.

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riches theme. Poor lads, scrupulously honest and tirelessly industrious, reached the top after a quick boost spurred by some lucky coincidence—usually the daring rescue of a millionaire. Then an enterprising editor discovered the West and the value of the indiscriminate killing of Indians. Street & Smith broadened the field with detectives, dashing cavalry officers, ships, and anything else that could cause a boyish heart to pound. Thrills tempered by strict morality were what they sold at popular prices (the so-called dime novels sold for a nickel). The kids loved it; their parents weren't so sure.

At Street & Smith, Stratemeyer walked among the immortals. The young editor hobnobbed with such luminaries as Frederick Dey (*Nick Carter*); "Ensign Clark Fitch, USN" of the "True Blue Series" (who would later achieve celebrity as journalist-muckraker Upton Sinclair); William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"); and the great Alger himself. He was a success from the start. When Alger and Adams died, he finished eleven books of the "Rise in Life Series" under Alger's name and three as Oliver Optic. Not only had he worshiped his idols and worked on terms of an easy intimacy with them, he *became* them. What more could a writer ask for?

Stratemeyer was not a man to let grass grow under his feet. Between editorial chores, he worked hard on his first book. When he finished it, he started another. A steady stream of them moved out to publishers.

War was glamour in those days. Uniforms were splendid, and battles were glorious. There were no pre-teen doves. Stratemeyer was aware of this ready-made public. He turned out a book about two boys on a battleship and mailed it off to Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, a Boston publishing house. There was an interval of waiting, during which the newspapers announced the glad tidings of Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. The next mail brought an acceptance letter from Boston. Could the author revise his manuscript so that it would parallel the great event of the day? He certainly could. Teenaged hero Larry Russell and his pals were promptly transferred to the Pacific Fleet, and the result was called *Under Dewey at Manila.* It was the financial hit of the juvenile publishing industry in 1899.

Immediate sequels were demanded, and *Dewey* became the first volume of the "Old Glory Series." It was followed by *A Young Volunteer in Cuba,* in which Larry Russell charged up San Juan Hill accompanied by his brother Ben and his chum Gilbert Pennington. The boys served under Commodore Schley aboard the *Brooklyn,* returned to the Philippines with General Otis, and rode into Santa Cruz with Lawton. By the end of the series, Ben was a second lieutenant on MacArthur's staff in Luzon.

Popular demand saved the boys from extinction, and they were later revived for the "Soldiers of Fortune Series." The Russell brothers and Gilbert were in at the relief of the American Embassy in Peking and saw the fall of Port Arthur from the bridge of Admiral Togo's flagship.

First a story, then a book, now a series. The success of the "Old Glory" books freed Stratemeyer for full-time writing. He was now the father of two daughters and the owner of a roomy, pleasant house in a good Newark neighborhood. He took an office in downtown Manhattan, hired a stenographer, and threw himself into his work, often completing a book in two or three days.

His series received wide popular acclaim and not only from kids. Parents, teachers, and churchmen liked it, too. "A narrative of experience and adventure which is wholesome in spirit and full of excitement," said the *Congregationalist.* The *Christian Register* found his characters "clean, manly fellows, who deserve the popularity which doubtless awaits them." "Hearty, manly spirit" was the verdict of the *Journal of Education.*

By the end of 1899, major juvenile publishers, such as Grosset & Dunlap and Cupples & Leon, were wooing Stratemeyer with fat contracts, and he had plans for half a dozen new series. Young readers had begun to laugh at flowery prose and the Alger-Optic bound-to-succeed concept. War was always glamorous, but the astute Stratemeyer could see that it would date his characters. A boy who served under Dewey at Manila would be old-fashioned when a new generation of readers appeared. Stratemeyer tried a series about the boyhoods of U.S. Presidents, but it never caught the preteen fancy. The subject was too much like school.

Stratemeyer needed new ideas, timeless situations, and as usual the muse was right there peeping over his shoulder. Schools and sports, fun in the dorm, hazing and midnight feasts, bullies discomfited—a boy could identify himself with these more readily than with the President of the United States or the hero of Santa Cruz. Stratemeyer himself had never been to college or boarding school, but he blocked out a new group of series about upper-middle-class students, the sons of doctors, lawyers, and rich merchants. Dave Porter of the "Dave Porter Series" attended fashionable Oak Hall (his roommate was the son of a U.S. Senator). The "Lakeport Series" introduced *The Gun Club Boys* and *The Boat Club Boys.* The "Putnam Hall Series" was Oak Hall again but transformed into a military academy with uniformed cadets.

Stratemeyer had found his formula. Twelve years after the fateful day in the cigar store, he was established as a responsible, hard-working writer, capable of bringing in an adequate income

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for himself and a steady profit for his publishers. All that remained was for him to find the secret of the really big time, a book or series that would sell a million copies. In the final months of 1899, Stratemeyer released the first three volumes of a new series. It was called "The Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

"Hurrah, Sam, it is settled at last that we are to go to boarding school!"

"Are you certain, Tom? Don't let me raise any false hopes."

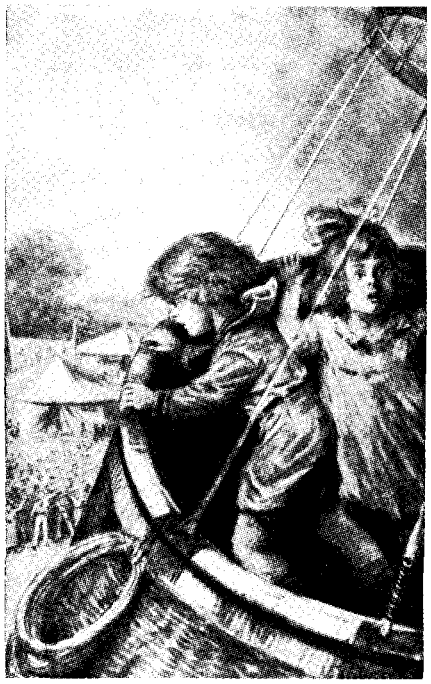
"Yes, I am certain, for I heard Uncle Randolph tell Aunt Martha that he wouldn't keep us in the house another week. He said he would rather put up with the Central Park menagerie—think of that!" and Tom Rover began to laugh.

"That's rather rough on us, but I don't know but what we deserve it," answered Sam Rover, Tom's younger brother.

And off to school they went, beginning a series of twenty books, followed by an additional ten about their sons and daughters. To give the Rovers a fresh start, Stratemeyer decided to use a pseudonym. Arthur was a good ringing name. M—for million—seemed a lucky middle initial. He chose Winfield as a surname, because the series would "win the field." As Arthur M. Winfield, Stratemeyer was to become a superstar at last. The series sold five million copies before it was discontinued in 1930.

There were three Rovers. Sober, industrious Dick was the eldest, and the leader of the group. Tom, a year his junior, was the fun-loving Rover and the perpetrator of some of the most heavy-handed practical jokes in juvenile history. Sam, the youngest, was an understudy-cum-straight man for the others. To save himself the trouble of establishing a new locale and a new set of chums, Stratemeyer moved the brothers into Putnam Hall, the military school he had created for the "Putnam Hall Series."

At school the Rovers annexed a number of lifelong friends, including John "Songbird" Powell, so called because of his ability to improvise doggerel poetry on any and all subjects. There was also William Philander Tubbs, called "the dudish chum" or "the aristocratic chum." Tubbs was considered hilarious because of his sartorial splendor, which included high collars, silk cravats, fawn-colored waistcoats, and spats. He was the natural target for Tom's jokes, many of which included spattering poor Tubbs's finery with mud or ink. Stratemeyer had nothing but contempt for dudes, and they came off badly in every series except the "Baseball Joe" books, where, for the first time, a dandy was allowed to be a real chum.



—*From "The Bobbsey Twins at the County Fair"*

"Up went the balloon, taking Flossie and Freddie with it."

There were girls in the books from the beginning, and the Rovers paired off in the first chapter with the three young ladies whom they would eventually marry. Dick's girl was Dora Stanhope, while Tom and Sam selected the Laning sisters, Nellie and Grace. Dick became the first (and last) boys' series hero to kiss a girl, when he bussed Dora heartily during a buggy ride. He immediately made it plain that they were engaged. It was a liberty Stratemeyer never allowed himself again.

Of course Putnam Hall and later Brill College had more than their share of bullies, and Dan Baxter was the worst of them all. He dabbled in kidnaping, grand larceny, and attempted murder before he saw the light and gave up his evil ways. The magnanimous Rovers started him on his way with a $100 grubstake contingent on his finding honest employment, and we find him at first working as a carpet salesman for $15 a week, and later in the wholesale jewelry business. He becomes a partner in the firm and is last seen as an usher at Dick's wedding. His son, Walter, went to boarding school at Colby Hall with the offspring of the Rovers.

In the Rover series it was repentance or dire punishment for bullies. Josiah Crabtree, archcriminal and former Putnam Hall teacher who tried to force Dora Stanhope's mother to marry him so he could seize control of Dora's inheritance, was sentenced to a jail term. Released, he tried to revenge himself on the Rovers and fell out of a second-story window. He was doomed to spend the rest of his life as a cripple. Tad Sobber, who sent the boys a box containing a live poisonous snake, went to jail, as did Lew Flapp, who robbed a jewelry store and concealed the loot in the Rovers' luggage. Dudd Flockley, poltroon and molester of pretty girls, escaped punishment by apologizing and throwing himself on the Rovers' mercy.

"What do you want?" asked Sam, abruptly.

"I want—I want—" commenced Flockley brokenly. Then he stepped into the room and confronted Dick. "Oh, Rover!" he cried. "Won't you—won't you please, please, get Dr. Wallingford to let me stay at Brill? Please don't let him send me home! I'll do anything—apologize, get down on my knees if you like—but please help me to stay here!"

Flockley caught Dick by the arm and continued to plead, and then he entreated Sam, Tom and Stanley also. It was a truly affecting scene. They all commenced to speak. He had been so mean, wicked, so unlike a decent college fellow, how could they forgive him?

And then came a pause, and during that pause a distant church bell sounded out, full and clear, across the hills surrounding Brill. Dick listened and so did his brothers and Stanley, and the anger in their faces died down.

Of all the series, before and after 1899, the "Rover Boys" was Stratemeyer's favorite. When sales dropped, he couldn't bear to discontinue it. It would have been almost like murder. Sales and popular appeal notwithstanding, he allowed the boys to marry and was lavish in his description of Dora's embroidered wedding gown and the numerous gifts received. All three couples settled into adjoining town houses on Riverside Drive. The boys took over their ailing father's Wall Street firm, which occupied a whole floor and employed a staff of twenty. They lived, we can only assume, happily ever after.

Stratemeyer was not left high and dry by the decline of the Rovers. Almost as soon as the first sales figures came in, he was designing a dozen similar series and concocting pseudonyms. He took his basic Rover figures, changed the names, associated them with some kind of speedy vehicle or popular scientific device, and slipped them into his formula.

It was a time of invention and breakthrough. The newspapers constantly announced such amazements as the automobile, the wireless, the motion picture, and the airplane. As "Clarence Young," Stratemeyer put his Rover surrogates on wheels and turned out

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Pentagon Papers, Continued

Ultimately, what is most disturbing about the Pentagon papers is the fact that they came from the Pentagon. When historians come to assess these astounding documents, they may place as much significance on the auspices of the papers as on the papers themselves. The fact that the military should have carried out a secret study concerned with foreign policy may be an ominous reflection of the extent to which the Pentagon has arrogated to itself a major role in decision-making heretofore reserved under the Constitution for the President and the Secretary of State.

We now learn that Dean Rusk, while Secretary of State, was not even informed about the secret Pentagon study, much less consulted. Statements from the White House about the Pentagon papers have been contradictory. At first, surprise was expressed about the existence of the documents. Then the President had to be protected against any public impression that he was unaware of important things going on deep within the government. An attempt was made to show he was fully informed without at the same time involving him in any responsibility for the secret report. Either way, the very existence of the report says a great deal about the giant cracks in what was once a wall of separation between the civilian and the military in the formulation and conduct of American foreign policy.

Nothing was more apparent to the shapers of the American Constitution than the ease with which force becomes institutionalized. They surveyed history and found it thick with examples of governments being controlled by the very force they created for their own protection. Military primacy was the rule rather than the exception in the long chronicle of government. The records of the Philadelphia Constitutional debates show that the young Founding Fathers were determined to do everything possible to prevent military authority from exceeding its proper functions. They put strong emphasis on moral power as a source of national security.

In this light, our essential failure in Vietnam has been a moral failure. We have had no moral purpose in Vietnam. The fact that we *proclaimed* a moral purpose has no historical standing because there was nothing to back it up. Our real purpose, as the Pentagon documents reveal, was to extend power. And the deeper we got involved in Vietnam, the greater became the gap between the proclaimed purpose and the real purpose. The full authority of the Presidency was used to convince the world that the United States had gone into Vietnam in order to assure the right of self-determination of the Vietnamese people. Yet one of the items in the secret Pentagon papers shows that our government leaders actually believed that only 10 per cent of our reason for being in Vietnam had anything to do with self-determination. The dominant reason for being there, once we got in, was to avoid the humiliation of withdrawal or of defeat. Thus, the prestige of the American military was more important than the lives of the Vietnamese we said we were there to protect—more important, too, than the lives of the American soldiers who, it was declared, were defending the principle that aggression by any nation is intolerable.

How can men in government delude themselves into thinking their real policies can be successfully disguised? As someone who has occasionally undertaken minor government business, I can bear witness to the kind of atmosphere or ambience in which government strategists operate. There is first of all a pervasive sense of gamesmanship. The world becomes a vast chessboard; each piece is assessed for its maneuverability and potential power. In such a game it is almost embarrassing to speak of truth or moral purpose. The highest value is not truth but sophistication. One accepts without question the need to concoct "cover stories" (an acceptable euphemism for "lying") or to manipulate public opinion.

The justification for this cynicism is to be found in the rules of the game. It is taken for granted that everyone does it and, indeed, that survival may depend upon it. But now it turns out that the gamesmanship and the supersophistication and the cynicism are actually liabilities far more damaging to the American people than any withdrawal from or even defeat in Vietnam.

We went into Vietnam in order to demonstrate our readiness to make military commitments and to make them work. When they proved unworkable, we multiplied the power. In so doing, we discovered that the power was being used not just against the Vietnamese but against our own history. So we now learn the hard way that a nation cannot separate itself from moral purpose; that force added to cynicism makes for self-destruction; that the prestige of the American military is not as important as the prestige of the American people; and that gamesmanship and super-sophistication can turn into authorized insanity. All this we now know, but how do we make it right with the Vietnamese or with history? How do we make it right with ourselves? —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Grand Delusion?

I AGREE with Senator Alan Cranston's guest editorial "The Great Trip-Wire Delusion" [*SR*, June 19] with regard to the desirability of reducing the number of our troops in Europe. But, when he states he is "shocked each time our foreign friends interpret any effort to reduce the number of hostages as hard evidence that we indeed intend to go back on our word," I can only wonder at the shortness of his memory and at his curious misreading of history.

How can he have forgotten that it was only after the *Lusitania* was sunk almost three years after the beginning of hostilities that we took part in World War I. Likewise, in World War II we did *not* go to the aid of Europe until after Pearl Harbor. We tried to help, but it was an almost clandestine operation – the public was "agin." So, if the Europeans have longer memories than Senator Cranston, they should not be blamed for their skepticism.

MRS. DUVAL TYLER,
Middleburg, Va.

Due Credit

MAY I compliment N.C. on his editorial "California's Isla Vista: 'From Anathema to Dialogue' " [*SR*, June 5] and for the insight and understanding that it so characteristically reflected. Naturally, I was pleased by those portions of the editorial that dealt with Bank of America . . . but the significance of the essay was much broader and deeper than that.

There is just one item that calls for correction. The editorial refers to "a contribution of $25,000 from Louis B. Lundborg" to the Isla Vista Community Service Center. That contribution was made by the bank, and not by me personally.

LOUIS B. LUNDBORG,
Chairman of the Board (Retired),
Bank of America,
San Francisco, Calif.

Balancing Rebuttal

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S article "Balancing Act" [TV-RADIO, June 5] is significant for its journalistic inaccuracy and superficiality in seeking a platform to discuss an important issue. . . .

As the major owner of WFLN and one who, with Mr. Green, the other owner, has borne terrific attacks on Taylor Grant over five years, I would have thought that Taylor, his sponsor, or Mr. Shayon would have been able to say something to me in protest or in search of the facts in this "great issue." I have been ignored by them. . . . In fact, Taylor, whose program is the one claimed to have been censored, did not mention the subject when I sat with him for two hours at a dinner the other day before he left WFLN.

As an Episcopalian and supporter of Bishop DeWitt and the Church (largely supported by income tax deductions), I would have thought that Father Gracie also might have been able to discuss the matter with me. But, apparently, it is easier to rush into print.

Now, as to accuracy:

1) Taylor and the sponsor had already arranged to move from WFLN to WPEN several weeks before Father Gracie was on the program (first inaccuracy). . . . It is hard to see how the sponsor could have been "prompted" to switch stations by an event that happened after the decision was made.

2) WPEN in the latest *ARB* (Jan.-Feb. 1971) shows less audience than WFLN (second inaccuracy).

3) Father Gracie's quote that the "system" won't tolerate criticism by "use of the media to tell people how to change things" is amusing when Taylor Grant has been blasting the "system" for more than five years (third inaccuracy).

4) Taylor Grant and the sponsor were fully informed that the tape would not be aired until cleared with our attorneys (fourth inaccuracy). . . .

From the radio station's point of view, we were not prepared to upset our already scheduled programing to meet FCC requirements of equal time just because Father Gracie wanted to seek publicity for his cause by initiating a controversy over the air regarding another subject, i.e., the payment or non-payment of income taxes as a protest. I, personally, don't think that programing the tax issue is of broad interest. Opposition to the war is, and we have exposed that point of view for five years.

The point of view Taylor has supported is an important one and should be aired. However, our audience has had five years of one voice on this issue. Maybe that is enough for any one commentator on any one station. Anyway, he has my good wishes.

Sorry that we don't treat this as the great censorship issue Mr. Shayon's article labored to make it.

LAWRENCE M. C. SMITH,
Chairman of the Board, WFLN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Shayon replies: "I'm glad to see that *SR* has given Mr. Smith an opportunity to comment on my recent column about the departure of Taylor Grant from WFLN. I would appreciate the privilege, however, of correcting one inaccuracy in Mr. Smith's letter. He states that I ignored him in search of the facts. The fact is that I called him personally and talked to him on the telephone to get his version of the event that I reported."

On Ogden Nash

I JUST finished reading George Stevens's "Ogden Nash: A Memoir" [*SR*, June 19], and I found it interesting, touching, and illuminating. At the end, however, I was disappointed somewhat at his sentence, "As far as I am concerned, Ogden was always young, and always will be."

I'm sure the thought behind the sentence was some sort of denial of a "degenerative" old age having overcome Mr. Nash. However, one thing that always impressed me about Ogden Nash was his confrontation of the truth and his marvelous comments on same. I think he would have wanted to be "old" in its best sense, as he no doubt was happy to have been infant, teen-ager, young man. I don't think he would have wanted to miss any stage of life, especially his closing years.

JANICE SANDBERG,
San Francisco, Calif.

"...so then I said to myself, 'Listen, in this day and age, a guru with a bad back is perfectly entitled. . . .' "

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Today and Yesterday In Musical Melbourne

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

A MID-JUNE Saturday morning in Melbourne brings with it the smell of burning leaves, talk of football matches, plans for a three-day weekend (Monday is a public holiday ordained by the Queen's birthday), and all the other addenda of a fall counterpart in the Northern Hemisphere. Here, however, the season is winter, and, though snowfall is all but unknown, warnings are flying of the death toll that may be expected in traffic accidents, and caution is implored of those who are driving.

For those not attracted to the outdoors or to distant objectives, the Princess Theatre is offering the Novosibirsk Ballet, which has taken over in the absence of the touring Australian Ballet, in a full-length *Giselle*. Isaac Stern and Gary Graffman are on the scene for recitals and appearances with the Melbourne Symphony; the touring baroque ensemble of the University of Indiana (here dignified by some as "Indiahna") has come and gone, to be succeeded by the Syntagma Musicum of Amsterdam; *Hair* is playing at the Metro and *Goldberg and Solomon* at the Comedy; the Melbourne Film Festival is in session, and, for those disinclined to sample its wares, there is a wide range of cinema attractions elsewhere from *Patton* to *The Owl and the Pussycat*. It is Melbourne, but it is also, by all the audible and visible evidences, Twentieth-Century Metropolis WW (Worldwide).

What are neither visible nor audible —for the moment at any rate—are evidences of the special place that Melbourne has had in the musical lore of an earlier time. That begins with the one born Helen Mitchell, who carried the very name of the town through the world during her stage career as Nellie Melba. She was only the first of a sizable number of excellent singers who originated on this continent, of whom a surprising percentage were Melbourne-oriented. These range from John Brownlee, Marjorie Lawrence, and Florence Austral of the now historic past to Elsie Morison, Marie Collier, and Sylvia Fisher of the present time. The only prominent exception is Joan Sutherland, whose beginnings belong to Sydney, where she was born and to which she has promised to return in March 1973 in suitably ceremonial triumph for the opening of the new Opera House.

Perhaps this suggests some of the reasons why there is, locally, little awareness of Melbourne's place in musical lore. Like all the others before her, Sutherland has paid only ceremonial visits to Australia in the decade since her successes elsewhere. Another instance is Charles Mackerras, currently the No. 1 conductor of Australian heritage. He is moving around the continent just now as a guest but will soon return to London, where he is musical director of the Sadler's Wells Opera.

Is this something for which the performers are wholly responsible? Some degree of self-interest is involved, but a share of blame must also be borne by the promoters of Australia's musical life. They have recently encouraged the growth of an Australian National Opera that can provide employment in an organized way perhaps for the next Sutherland. But they have not shown much disposition to trust the future of their orchestras to native conductors. From Brisbane in the north to Hobart in the south (Tasmania), the roster shows such names as Ezra Rachlin, Moshe Atzmon, Fritz Rieger, Henry Krips, and Thomas Mayer, none of them reared in the society to which they now minister.

Melbourne's Rieger (long associated with the musical life of Munich) is a seasoned, thoroughly qualified conductor of the second rank, who will doubtless serve the community well over the permanent tour of duty on which he will enter in 1972. But, when the three-, four-, or five-year period has passed, how much closer will Melbourne be to having a qualified man of its own community to admire and applaud? Not one bit closer than it is today.

It is the contention of those who determine policy that audiences will not respond to other than "record label" names, which is to say, conductors with overseas reputations. Perhaps. But it was not borne out by two orchestral events of the week just concluded. One offered Isaac Stern as soloist in works for violin and orchestra by Bartók and Beethoven; the other was a "Youth Concert." There was what I would describe as a surprising number of empty seats in Melbourne's Town Hall for Stern's first appearance here in nearly a decade; and the "Youth Concert" was not nearly as well attended as similar events I have observed elsewhere.

Charles Mackerras—"the No. 1 conductor of Australian heritage."

One critic afflicted with a Sydney-Melbourne syndrome complained, in advance of the event, that Stern's Bartók-Beethoven coupling was less interesting, musically, than a concert he is scheduled to give soon in Sydney, at which he will conduct as well as perform jointly with his French colleague Jean-Pierre Wallez. But if the Bartók-Beethoven combination did not sell out, how would a more esoteric program have fared?

Certainly there could be no complaint of "downgrading" of Melbourne in the program of music that Graffman performed. It began with the C-minor Sonata of Schubert, continued with the Paganini Variations of Brahms, and concluded with the Liszt B-minor. The audience did not fill much more than a third of the seats in Melbourne's Town Hall (it seats approximately 2,400), but it gave close attention to Graffman's performance. He rewarded them with an introspective, beautifully disciplined reverie on the subject of Schubert's C-minor. It also sounded well, because Melbourne's old structure is closer to a proper concert hall than others I have visited here. Nevertheless, local musical people are looking forward to a new one within five years as part of an Arts Center that has brought about the recent opening of a splendid new National Gallery.

On the whole, the best blend I have heard in Melbourne of the elements that enter into satisfying musical results came in the portion of the "Youth" program devoted to the *Duet Concertino* composed by Richard Strauss in nearly the last of his eighty-six years. The resonance evoked by Rieger was as appropriate to the surroundings as it was to the work itself. Both solo parts were well performed, but there was a transcendent musicality in the clarinet playing of Philip Miechel. It is certainly to the credit of the Melbourne Symphony that it has so fine a section leader as young Miechel. But it is a melancholy thought that, if he gets much better, Australia will not be able to confine him, and he will, like that excellent hornist Barry Tuckwell (nee Sydney), be prompted to go overseas to find fulfillment.

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The New Sexistentialism

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

INT[erviewer]: Okay — suppose your kids are at the age of consent, how would you feel about their swinging?

MICHELLE: Why should we object? It's good enough for us. We're doing something as a family without shame or guilt. . . . We were at a swinging party not so long ago where a girl who was twenty brought along her mother and father. I'm not sure, but I think in this case her parents had never swung before. They were willing to experiment. After they saw the kinds of people that were there, they really loosened up and got into the swing of it. From what I hear, they still swing right along with their daughter.

INT[erviewer]: How do you feel about this, Tom?

TOM: It was beautiful, just great, to see a mother, father and daughter able to communicate with each other on such a deep level. . . . How many kids can go up to their parents and tell them they met this guy or this girl and had intercourse with them without the father or mother tearing up the place?

—*The Groupsex Tapes*

Research on fellatio, philanderers, polyandry . . . case studies of gangbangs (2.5 million participants? 3 million?), johnnie queens, parents and children swinging together to stay together . . . scorecards and Weltschmerz from pioneer swingers (INTERVIEWER [scribbling]: Well, I come up with a total of around 8,700 women in twenty years. . . . ALAN: Really, that many? . . . It sort of makes me feel, well . . . old.)—can material like this take anyone to the vital center of contemporary "sexual revolution"? Given the deep and complex relations between sexual behavior and familial, religious, economic, and political institutions, isn't a "revolutionary" sexual ethos intrinsically a challenge to a culture as a whole? Can it be reported on to any purpose except in the context of *all* the interests it threatens?

As might be guessed, messy matters like these don't as yet fascinate the swarm of writers on sexual subjects, most of whom are shrewd evaders of complexity. Some of the tribe—pop commentators, mainly—peg their analyses to a single theme, explaining "revolutionary sexuality" as a straight-out response to this or that "key" neglected repressive force. Others, often academic writers, avoid analysis entirely, and concentrate on neutral descriptions of certain exotic sexual behavior, or on special self-enclosed research topics that permit etiological copouts. (A sampling of work of this sort is presented in *The New Sexual Revolution*, edited by Lester A. Kirkendall and Robert N. Whitehurst. Nineteen contributors discuss contraception, sterilization, homosexuality, obscenity, pornography, and associated matters; with one or two exceptions—essays by Albert Ellis on "A Rational Sexual Morality," and by Wesley J.

THE NEW SEXUAL REVOLUTION, edited by Lester A. Kirkendall and Robert N. Whitehurst (*Donald W. Brown, 236 pp., $6.95*); **THE PURITAN JUNGLE: America's Sexual Underground, by Sara Harris** (*Putnam, 256 pp., $5.95; Pocket Books paperback, 95¢*); **INFIDELITY, by Brian Richard Boylan** (*Prentice-Hall, 176 pp., $5.95*); **THE GROUPSEX TAPES, by Paul Rubenstein and Herbert Margolis** (*McKay, 306 pp., $6.95*); **GROUP SEX: A Scientist's Eyewitness Report on the American Way of Swinging, by Gilbert D. Bartell** (*Wyden, 298 pp., $6.95*); **THE FEMALE EUNUCH, by Germaine Greer** (*McGraw-Hill, 349 pp., $6.95*); **THE PRISONER OF SEX, by Norman Mailer** (*Little, Brown, 240 pp., $5.95*)

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

21 **"The New Sexual Revolution,"** edited by Lester A. Kirkendall and Robert N. Whitehurst; **"The Puritan Jungle: America's Sexual Underground,"** by Sara Harris; **"Infidelity,"** by Brian Richard Boylan; **"The Groupsex Tapes,"** by Paul Rubenstein and Herbert Margolis; **"Group Sex: A Scientist's Eyewitness Report on the American Way of Swinging,"** by Gilbert D. Bartell; **"The Female Eunuch,"** by Germaine Greer; **"The Prisoner of Sex,"** by Norman Mailer

25 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

26 **"Aggression: Our Asian Disaster,"** by William L. Standard

27 **"Changing Sources of Power: American Politics in the 1970s,"** by Frederick G. Dutton

28 **"A Cry of Absence,"** by Madison Jones

29 **"Farnsbee South,"** Helen Hudson

30 **"The Mathers: Three Generations of Puritan Intellectuals, 1596-1728,"** by Robert Middlekauff

30 **"Prudery and Passion,"** by Milton Rugoff

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Adams on "Evolving Sexual Ethics Within a Democratic Society"—the writers included shy away from comprehensive assessment of cultural problems implicit in the "revolution.")

Still others, usually writers of literary gifts, dare to try their luck in the maze, grappling for a time with the cultural intricacies and interdependencies of their own and other people's sexual attitudes and behavior. But at length these inquirers, too, fall back wearily into fantasies that provide relief from the brainbreaking job of imagining post-revolutionary institutional patterns—a human future not only liberated but decent and possible.

Sara Harris and Brian Richard Boylan are single-themers, believers that a single force—in their opinion, American Puritanism and habitual hypocrisy—explains most present-day sexual goings-on. (Defeat this force, and the culture, as is, is saved.) Miss Harris describes *The Puritan Jungle* (1969) as "a report on the shocking but inevitable results of our national ethic—the Puritan attitudes that have guided our thoughts and actions since our nation's inception." She provides convincingly depressing bits on the contemporary sexual underground—notably an account of the making of a San Francisco porn flick (the performers are paid off in acid); and there's commendable good will in her hope that her interviewees—prostitutes, pimps, sadists, homosexuals, lesbians, vice cops, and "wife swappers"—and other "tragic souls now condemned to skulk in the underground will at long last be free." But the unconcern with facts and forces aside from "Puritanism" seems mindless. Before parents and children could "swing" at the same party, a marked reduction of traditional parental power and authority, a separateness had to occur; that it did occur owes less to protest against puritanism than to post-agrarian forms of economic life and the acceptance by local and national governments of a thousand responsibilities once vested exclusively in parents. How then can these parties or wife-swapping generally be thought of apart from forms of economic organization that induce parent-child role reversals? How can any of the current eccentric behavior be thought of, for that matter, apart from textures of urban and suburban dailiness that intensify unslakable longing for "participation" and "communion," or apart from conflicts of value and function between major institutions (*e.g.*, corporations and schools), or apart from the labors of fantasy merchants in the media, criers-up of Openness who put down every model of synoptic, purposeful human action as timid or dull or square?

Mr. Boylan's *Infidelity* is a disheveled survey of 350 interviews with unfaithful marriage partners, male and female, conducted from the point of view of an antimonogamist. ("Infidelity is a mirror. . . . we have been trying not to look at for years. So we call the reflection evil, pretend it doesn't exist, outlaw it in the pulpit and in the legislature.") Maintaining an air of aggrieved virtue, the author pours forth practical strategies of infidelity that are rich in unconscious pathos—"Keeping the Affair in the Community," "Infidelity at Home," "Hotel-Motel Guilt," "Apartment Borrowing," "Getting Out of the House," "Incriminating Evidence," "Codes for Telephone Calls and Letters," "When the Spouse Becomes Suspicious," "Gossip," and the like. In his view Utopia is easily reached: banish monogamy and you banish "post-marital disillusionment" and "temptation" and hypocrisy"—the causal agents of infidelity. Again, the culture, as is, is saved. Again, as with Miss Harris, sexual behavior is perceived as a closed system, infected with phony morality but touched by little else, and possessing no outreaching cultural influence of its own.

The chief focus of "objectivist" sex writers nowadays is, predictably, group sex—nothing as current or choice in the field. Paul Rubenstein and Herbert Margolis, editors of *The Groupsex Tapes*, a collection of interviews and "symposia," claim to have listened to 628 swingers. As interviewers of married couples, divorcees, teen-agers, and others, they are chiefly concerned with the do's and don'ts of swinging etiquette, favorite swinging techniques, male and female methods of prolonging sexual pleasure; and their manner throughout is studiedly neutral (just passing the facts along, folks, just telling it like it is).

The story thus told is retold in *Group Sex*, by Dr. Gilbert Bartell, an anthropologist at Northern Illinois, who (with his wife) functioned as an eavesdropper on several hundred middle-American groupsex bouts. Remarks on the cultural setting and implications of "wife-swapping" occur in this book, and a closing chapter descants on "Positive and Negative Aspects of Swinging." But for most of its length *Group Sex* is a collection of specialist observations about ambient customs, *viz.*: "How swingers find partners to swing with. Why most couples swing only once with another couple. How swingers arrange their homes for group sex parties. Etiquette rules for 'open' and 'closed' swinging; for swinging at small parties, large parties and organization-sponsored gatherings. How swingers' bars and clubs operate. How to make and reject sexual approaches. How male swingers fight sexual exhaustion. Why 92 per cent of women engage in sexual activities with other women at large parties. Warm-up games. Taboos. Use of vibrators. What strangers say to each other while they swing. . . . Attempts to prevent jealousies. Scrapbooks and photos that swingers maintain of each other. How they feel about the risk of venereal disease."

Speculation about social consequences of "the new sex" stops, in this text, with a prediction that the family, bless it, is safe—as long as not too much fuss is made about swinging —"[Will] swinging cause a breakdown in the structure of the family? No, we do not think so. It will lead to sexual variety for those mates who desire it." The meaning of safety? Simple: safety means that the culture, as is, is saved.

The work of writers with literary

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WHOSE BOSS?

Members of the Vassar College Dickens Society, Poughkeepsie, New York, contributed to this quiz. You are asked to match up each Dickens character in Column 1 with his employer in Column 2. The personnel office is located on page 51.

1. Stephen Blackpool ( )
2. John Carker ( )
3. David Copperfield ( )
4. Jeremy Flintwinch ( )
5. William Guppy ( )
6. Joe ( )
7. Jarvis Lorry ( )
8. Nicholas Nickleby ( )
9. Christopher Nubbles ( )
10. Tom Pinch ( )
11. John Rokesmith ( )
12. Oliver Twist ( )

a. Bounderby's Mills
b. Nicodemus Boffin
c. Cheeryble Brothers
d. Mrs. Clennam
e. Dombey & Son
f. Garland family
g. Kenge & Carboy
h. Mr. Pecksniff
i. Mr. Sowerberry
j. Spenlow & Jorkins
k. Tellson & Co.
l. Mr. Wardle

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gifts—Norman Mailer and Germaine Greer surely fit this description—is less ridden by cant and shlock, but its evasions are troubling, even so. Miss Greer's *The Female Eunuch* studies the infantilization of women; Mr. Mailer's *The Prisoner of Sex* defends a highly individual existential-heroic brand of male chauvinism. The important virtues and defects of both books aren't really hinged to specific conclusions about sexual revolution. Miss Greer's virtues are vivacity and candor; Mr. Mailer's virtue in this outing is responsiveness, in a first-rate patch of litcrit, to a great writer—D. H. Lawrence. Both authors are inclined to substitute rhetoric for thought when hard ideas rear up, and neither is authoritative when representing details of middle-class domestic life.

But each book reveals the powerful inhibition working against acceptance, even by minds thoroughly conscious of themselves, of sex as a function of a total social reality—including high culture, low culture; artists, workers, the whole consort in it together. The inhibition shows itself in Miss Greer's pages as she approaches the matter of what can be done, in mass industrialized nations, about the processes of infantilization she's been summarizing. The question obviously demands attentiveness to the social ramifications of procreation and child care across the socio-economic board—but the demand isn't met. Miss Greer fidgets, shivers, and quickly darts off into a fantasy—a world in which complex social problems touching the rich and poor alike need to be "solved" only for the rich—those able to take off at will for pastoralized jet-set nurseries in faraway joyous Calabria:

> For some time now I have pondered the problem of having a child which would not suffer from my neuroses and the difficulties I would have in adjusting to a husband and the demands of domesticity. . . . No child ought, I opine, to grow up in the claustrophobic atmosphere of a city flat, where he has little chance of exercising his limbs or his lungs. . . . No child ought to grow up alone with a single resentful girl who is struggling to work hard enough to provide for herself and him. I thought again of the child I knew in Calabria and hit upon the plan to buy, with the help of some friends with similar problems, a farmhouse in Italy where we could stay when circumstances permitted, and where our children would be born. Their fathers and other people would also visit the house as often as they could, to rest and enjoy the children and even work a bit. Perhaps some of us might live there for quite long periods, as long as we wanted to. The house and garden would be worked by a local family who lived in the house. The children would have a region to explore and dominate, and different skills to learn from all of us . . . it would be a little community with a chance of survival, with parents of both sexes and a multitude of roles to choose from.

Here again the culture, as is, is saved—for stay-at-homes, the indigent, dustmen, people without credit cards.

For Mailer the comparable escapist moment arrives as he contemplates the bearings of modes of human labor on sexual and familial relationships. His argument has been carrying him toward an acknowledgment of the situation of men who are not artists, not rich, not free. At first his essay presses a personalist, aristocratic, or "heroic" demand, celebrating the uniqueness of the Mailerian appetites and aspirations—but toward the end an opening appears: the writer takes in that, in democratic, technologized societies, most citizens are prisoners less of sex than of priorities and values incarnate in the corporate structure; sexual quandaries and anxieties are momentarily seen as arising partly out of the grotesqueness and corruption of contemporary work (". . . what an agony for a man if work were meaningless . . . ; as technique reduced labor to activities which were often absurd, like punching the buttons on an automatic machine, so did the housework of women take on magnitude, for their work was directed at least to a basic end"). Now, the reader thinks, now a turn will come. The Prisoner, having broken out of himself, will speak about the ways in which specific alterations and modifications of political and economic power, of schools, of churches, of professions, might meet the dilemmas of nonheroes, workers, ordinary men. He'll move from sex as his personal amphitheater, his private struggle for authority and a sense of the real, to sex-in-society, an address to the concrete immediacies of sexual life for Everyman.

But the turn doesn't occur. Mailer shrugs off the opening, falls back on his own version of Calabria, another softheaded pastoral fantasy ("a modern man would do well to live in a small society of his own choosing"). Chucklingly, he holds out the possibility that all nonsexual variables may shortly become (by magic?) sexual, permitting "the politics of government and property . . . to alter into the politics of sex." Why not a world organized by sex wards, he asks—they'd be perfectly okay for ordinary folk, prisoners without the capital P.

> [Such people could] found their politics on the fundamental demands they would make of sex. So might there yet be towns within the city which were homosexual, and whole blocks legally organized for married couples who thought the orgy was ground for the

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progressive action of the day. And there would be mournful areas of the city deserted on Sunday, all suitable for the mood of masturbators who liked the open air and the street, perhaps even pseudo-Victorian quarters where brothels could again be found. There could be city turfs steaming with the nuances of bisexuals living on top of bisexuals, and funky tracts for old-fashioned lovers where the man was the rock of the home; there would always be horizons blocked by housing projects vast as the legislation which had gone into the division of household duties between women and men. There would be every kind of world in the city, but their laws would be founded on sex.

Question from the bleachers: Exactly what would an ordinary man live for, in a world divided into sex wards? Answer: Why, for orgy and brothels and anachronism, naturally. What makes you think that—for them, your ordinary lot—there *is* anything else on earth?

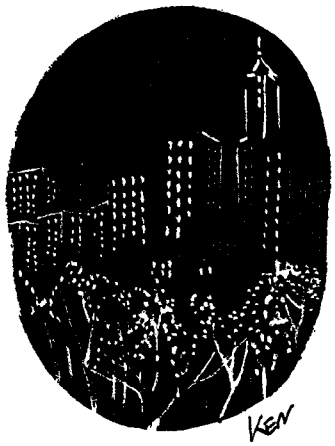
A retreat of this kind into privatism is doubtless inevitable for anyone who can say—as Mailer does say in *The Prisoner of Sex*—that, since *his* work counts, sod *anonyme*, sod groaners about deadly household chores and deadly factory slots, sod (in effect) a hundred million useless proles. Decent work is freedom, after all—an alternative to the sex wards, a saving balance to unrelenting physicality. But to slide away jokingly from the needs of men and women sexually exacerbated partly because they cannot have work that counts is a gesture of obliviousness, and contributes to the impression of moral shallowness left by *The Prisoner of Sex*.

Should heavy weather be made of such shallowness? Has true illumination ever flowed from layman's chat in these areas? Has it not always been clear that pop sex books are invariably strewn with weirdo gaucheries beyond number, and that intellectuals' sexology is eccentric? Dr. Bartell salutes his wife beamingly for helping him in the noble work of eavesdropping:

> . . . it is literally true that this work would never have been accomplished without her. It is small payment indeed to state that she never faltered, never lost faith. In the vernacular of the times, she always said, "Right on!" She was "my white plume."

A pair of specialists on marriage tart up research-and-development metaphors from business to explain "our" contemporary needs:

> No company survives on its fundamental research laboratory alone, although many cannot survive long without one. Each needs also a development group that keeps making the



> minor changes to its existing products in order to eliminate defects in design and to meet the competition or the change in customer needs. So too with marriage. While "far-out" research *must* proceed on new patterns, we must simultaneously be concerned with the changes that can modify traditional monogamy to meet its present customer needs. . . .
>
> —Rustum and Della Roy in *The New Sexual Revolution*

A "satisfied woman" tells how to be a post-revolutionary good sport:

> . . . But instead of making love to me, Rudy tied my arms and legs to the bed posts and covered my breasts and pubic region with raspberry preserves. I really thought he might be a bit nuts . . .
>
> —*Infidelity*

A swinger's birthday party adds a chapter to the history of "taste":

> INT[erviewer]: What made the party such a success?
> SANDY: Mostly it was the mood, the atmosphere. The way our home was lighted helped a lot. We had different colored light bulbs in each room.
> JOHN: It was beautiful, just beautiful.
> SANDY: And we had planned a series of surprises.
> JOHN: Like those negligees.
> SANDY (laughing): I knew John's favorite colors and I got the sizes of all the girls whom I had invited. Instead of buying John an obvious birthday gift, I shopped for these lovely negligees and bought John a different kind of experience.
> JOHN: It was amazing how well they fit. But the best part was when they started coming off.
> SANDY: The negligees were falling around the floor in all the different colors.
> JOHN: It was done with taste.
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

And a mother and child—it is no mistake to glance again at this theme—grope for a new vision of relatedness:

> INT: What about competition and jealousy?
> MELISSA: You mean between my mother and me over a guy?
> INT: Yes.
> MELISSA (smiling): Oh, no . . . Never. Neither one of us babysits for the other. Sure, we swing at some parties together, but our tastes in men are different. She and Dave tend to go with an older crowd. I don't like to swing with middle-aged men. It's kind of creepy. Maybe Mom and I are having a good time at a party and, riding back in the car or on the phone the next day, we'll talk about some of the men we've been to bed with, just like you're remembering a good time you had at a dance or a party or a weekend at the beach. . . . Maybe we did go to bed with the same man at this party or that, but it wasn't a planned thing. Sometimes we don't even know this happened until a couple of weeks later when we're talking about a guy who was something special. Then it may come out: "Well, wow, I know who you're talking about! Oh, yes that guy *was* super. . . ."
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

How could anyone regard such matter —clots of gossip, nowhere a coherent analytical frame—as capable of yielding genuine insight or instruction?

The question is reasonable, and the ground for criticism even of the best writing at hand—opportunism, thinness of social reference—is utterly clear. But from this it does not follow that the work as a whole is useless. The case is that, dealt with as a complete body of evidence, these interviews, monologues, primitive accountings of behavior, tendentious "crusades," sophisticated self-revelations of littérateurs are by no measure devoid of meaning. Study them hard, note the links among them, and many a truth about institutional functionlessness comes home. Feelings that are admittedly vulgar, coarse, comical attain an obscure power to move sympathy, and at length shake the observing mind out of its stock response —practiced contempt for "shamelessness." The testimony as a whole suggests that an extraordinary half-conscious, culture-wide struggle against the sense of emptiness is in process. Men and women numbering perhaps in millions seeking to use sexual experience as a means of entrance to a democratized inexpressible, hunting a way up or down toward an imagined core of existence, a center at which mystery, profundity, excitement, danger, reality (as opposed to cultural veneer) and, above all, meaning can be known, a resource promising a heightened sense of self.

There are, to be sure, multiple levels of aspirations—and the temptation (for the observer) to easy irony or scorn never disappears. At the bottom is the pragmatic consumer of diversion, in

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the market for relief from boredom:

> In my fourteen years with the company, I've had maybe nine major affairs. . . . I need this diversion to keep me alert and interested in life. My job is really rather dull. . . .
>
> —*Infidelity*

> SANDY: I think swinging is very exciting. It's exciting to go to these parties. . . .
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

Other tones intermingle, however. The groups of swingers—"interviewees"—include many whose need is for homely self-testing and for modest experiences of discovery, not alone excitement:

> KARYN: After maybe a month or two of talking, the idea of having sex with more than just Mike was . . . exciting in a forbidden, adventurous way. . . . It was an experience. I never thought I could have gone through with it. But I did.

> INT: What replaces [for swingers] the so-called challenge of seduction?
> ANGELO: I think I could call it something like an anticipation of discovery. What will relating to a new and different human being lead to? . . . Once you break a cultural taboo, you're through a wall and you realize how artificial and unnecessary the barrier was. You see people and ideas boxed in all around you. Many times you're able to discover doors in walls that are not visible to others, and answers to questions and problems as well.
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

The group includes many with fantasies of independence that, if poverty-struck, are nevertheless sternly genuine—witness this enemy of "artificial stimulants":

> MELLISA: Drugs or alcohol to me, are quite artificially stimulating. . . . Swinging, when it's good, is an experience that should free a person from the need of crutches to lean on.
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

Within the chorus, here and there, voices of intellect speak out, underlining one or another half-formed existentialist theme, describing sex as liberation because, as a mode of play, it "generates its own morality and values," isn't ruled by the givens of the general society (Lester Kirkendall, *The Sexual Revolution*), or because it's an act of courage, an attempt "to take on purchase of that immense and fearful existence ringing at the edge of . . . dreams" (Norman Mailer, *The Prisoner of Sex*). Yet the roots of the phenomenon in its mass context obviously lie not in thought or orthodox argument, but in deprivation that rarely knows its name, only its need for im-

(*Continued on page* 51)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Betrayed by Establishment

HAVING READ ELLIS RIVKIN'S review of *The Trial and Death of Jesus* by Haim Cohn [*SR*, June 19], I must take issue with Mr. Rivkin's use of the unqualified term "Jews" in his statement, "The Jews stand perennially condemned [for the crucifixion of Christ]." Mr. Rivkin also contends that ". . . the Gospels, as primordial sources of Christian faith, still link Jesus' betrayal to Jewish perfidy."

Mr. Rivkin failed to note that the Gospels point to the betrayal of Jesus by the *Establishment* religion of that day, not to Jews in general. Establishment religion paid Judas, not the Jewish people, to betray Him. The followers of Jesus, as well as those who were not hostile to His cause, were also Jews. Nowhere in the Gospels have I found a condemnation of the Jewish people but only of the "whited sepulchre" of the organized religion of the day.

It remains the great sore on the body of Christianity that the post-apostolic church fathers allowed, and even fostered, the notion that all Jews are accountable for the death of Christ.

EUGENIA M. BERTA,
Dalesville, Ala.

1971 Whited Sepulchre Award

IN HIS ARTICLE on the 1971 Anisfield-Wolf Awards [*SR*, June 12], David Dempsey fails signally to contribute his mite to the cause of cross-cultural understanding when he refers to the pre-Handsome Lake religion of the Iroquois as "pagan superstitions." That kind of ethnocentrism might be expected in a missionary journal of the last century, but it is out of place in the *Saturday Review*. I hereby nominate Mr. Dempsey for the whited sepulchre award of the year and sentence him to read something about Iroquois religion.

C. I. MASON,
Appleton, Wis.

What a Northern Liberal Is

ZENA SUTHERLAND WONDERED what the reaction would be ". . . to a Northern liberal (whatever that is) talking . . ." at the University of Southern Mississippi in Hattiesberg on controversial books, and was surprised to find it "mixed" [BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, June 19]. Perhaps a definition of the subject of Mrs. Sutherland's parenthetical query would explain the mixed reaction. A Northern liberal is an individual who may make a token acknowledgment that public school integration in the South surpasses that in the North, demands much more in the South immediately, lives in a segregated neighborhood up North, and sends his children to private academies or all-white public schools with an integrated staff of custodians.

JOHN H. RASSE,
Marshall, Mo.

Inherited Advantages

IN ALVIN L. SCHORR'S essay review ["Why Enforced Work Won't Work in Welfare," *SR*, June 19] he speaks of correcting the inequities rather than people and concludes, "We need a new environment in which growing up can be classless. . . ." Surely such goals can never be achieved as long as our system permits the continuation of inherited wealth with its attendant advantages. Equal opportunity will continue to remain an impossibility as long as one child inherits advantages denied another by birth.

I. RUSSELL WEINSTEIN,
Titusville, Fla.

Book Business

MY APPRECIATION OF Alan Green's BOOK BUSINESS [*SR*, May 29, June 26] leads me to wonder why we weren't favored with footnotes a) informing those not in the publishing trade who the new contributor is and b) affording some hint as to how frequently this feature is to appear.

Conceivably it's still somewhat premature for Mr. Green to pinpoint the progress of those novels being offered at "the same price as an LP record." Since he did undertake to keep us posted on a highly promising experiment, may this be deemed a reminder that one reader, at least, is watching the outcome of this embryonic endeavor in bringing "novels outside the beaten literary track" within the financial means of most who are interested?

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because of his many years on the promotional side of publishing, Alan Green is savvy about Who Was, Who Is, Who's About to Be Who in the industry. Moreover, one of the books he wrote won an Edgar for the best first mystery of its year. The column by Mr. Green, who has also done a screenplay, will appear monthly in SR.*

Reading Gaps

EDWIN FADIMAN'S REVIEW of *The Mortal Gods*, by Maurice Dolbier [*SR*, May 15], clearly shows the gaps in his reading. Conrad Hallam, the Shavian socialist whom Mr. Fadiman marries to Emily Holm, the actress, hardly crosses her path; they are each involved in non-intersecting subplots.

HADASSAH F. DAVIS,
Providence, R.I.

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AGGRESSION:
Our Asian Disaster

by William L. Standard

Random House, 228 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Herbert Mitgang

■ If the Justice Department attempted to censor books as it tried to block the truth about the Vietnam War from unfolding in the pages of *The New York Times* and other American newspapers, how many volumes that have exposed facts and deceits in recent years would have been published? What if the test for a periodical or book included: 1) no leaked material, 2) no investigative reporting, and 3) nothing that the Justice Department deemed could harm the "best interests of the United States"?

Neither censorship nor sideshows about the right to print can turn back the antiwar momentum and the exposure of the immoral American war on Vietnam. Facts long concealed and now unearthed have armed the peacemakers.

In the long run, facts, not gunships, will disengage the United States from the war of the absurd in Southeast Asia. During the last two years of "withdrawal" by Vietnamization, what Che Guevara said about two, three, many Vietnams widening the war to Cambodia and Laos has happened. By bombing these hamlet lands with more tonnage of explosives than the United States dropped on Germany and Japan in World War II, a moonscape of craters has been created. Through them walk some five million refugees from aerial terror; their lives uprooted, their villages destroyed.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1458

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1458 will be found in the next issue.

CWQ EHYP HOZME OAOYW CATHIYWV OWIHMVW EXWTW AV QZ CATHIYW AQ EXWAT YARWV.

—EXZTWHM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1457

Modesty is becoming to the great. What is difficult is to be modest when one is nobody.

—RENARD.

When the peacemakers prevail, they will have to search out the origins of the war, the acts of aggression that hovered between internal revolution and external invasion, the history of treaties and conventions, the laws, documents, and books.

For a history of the war it will be instructive to turn to Robert Shaplen's *The Lost Revolution,* which emphasizes the twenty years of neglected opportunities in Vietnam and America's failure to side with the democratic elements there. For the definition of behavior that goes beyond acceptable military killing to criminal acts, it will be essential to read Telford Taylor's *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy.* Many basic documents trace the history of America's involvement—to them can be added *The New York Times* documents—but it is hard to surpass *The United States in Vietnam* by two of the foremost scholars in Asian affairs, John W. Lewis, the chairman of Stanford's Center for East Asian Studies, and George McTurnan Kahin, director of Cornell's Southeast Asia Program. These books are signals of good intent to Asians that journalists, professors, attorneys, and other professional men have disassociated themselves from their government's destructive policies and wish to rebuild a bridge of friendship across the Pacific.

To them we may now add *Aggression: Our Asian Disaster,* by William L. Standard, who has served as chairman of the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam since its inception in 1965. He has compiled a brief against the war, substantiating his argument with useful appendices. Among them are two *American Bar Association Journal* articles, one disputing the State Department's memorandum "Legal Basis of U.S. Action Against North Vietnam" and another entitled "U.S. Quarantine of Cuba and the Rule of Law." The appendices also include the International Law Commission's summary of the "Nuremberg Principles of International Law." All of these papers are directed against the justification of the war by several Presidential administrations.

Mr. Standard is not a dispassionate observer. He calls American involvement "the new colonialism" and, by quoting newspapers, magazines, and books to prove his case, he reflects the broad field of opposition to the war. His disjointed approach occasionally interferes with the narrative flow of *Aggression* but Mr. Standard is writing here for the record.

The recapitulation of the Geneva Conference of 1954 is valuable as a guidepost for the future. It is worth recalling that the agreement to end hostilities and ensure total withdrawal by the French after their defeat at Dienbienphu made plain that the division of Vietnam at the seventeenth parallel was only temporary, that a general election would unify the nation. The esteem in which Ho Chi Minh was held by the Vietnamese at that time was acknowledged by President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who later wrote in his memoirs that, had an election taken place, "possibly 80 per cent of the population would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh as their leader rather than Chief-of-State Bao Dai."

The Geneva Accords embodied two central principles: recognition of the independence and freedom of Vietnam from foreign control, and the unification of the two zones by elections in 1956. But Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Mr. Standard notes, "declared that the conditions required to proceed to general elections . . . were not yet mature." President Eisenhower was overridden, and military supplies and men began to pour into South Vietnam. SEATO interests were used as further excuse for America's antidemocratic militarism, her suppressing instead of encouraging elections and unity. And so to Cambodia, Laos, and the 1971 illusions.

The full version of the events in Geneva can be found in Anthony Eden's small but potent book, *Toward Peace in Indochina.* As co-chairman of the Geneva agreement, he has steadfastly held that "neutrality is not a crime; it is a risk. Indochina could be an example where neutrality could also be the way through to peace." Using the agreement as the framework, he envisions cease-fire negotiations and a guaranteed settlement. Diplomacy, not bombers, is at the core of Lord Avon's proposals.

At the conclusion of his book, William Standard raises the fear that President Nixon's remarks about tactical nuclear weapons could become a reality in Vietnam if withdrawal on American terms is stymied. "It would be tragic indeed," he writes, "if the use of the ultimate weapon depended upon the advice of that group [of advisers] . . . responsible for the Cambodian invasion." The history in the *Times* documents of the war's escalation by United States officials in the White House and civilian think tanks is so damning that Strangelovian weapons and attitudes may be braked in the future.

Herbert Mitgang, a member of The New York Times editorial board, has frequently written about aspects of wartime Vietnam, which he has visited. He is the author of several books in the field of Americana, including the newly published three-volume history, "Lincoln's Long Shadow."

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CHANGING SOURCES OF POWER: American Politics in the 1970s

by Frederick G. Dutton

McGraw-Hill, 263 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ Sudden gusts of public emotion have always worried professional politicians, for they upset the most careful calculations of the shrewdest strategists. But the dislocations in political thinking today have added extra problems for those who, by profession, must assess what the national mood will be a year from November, when the Presidential campaign reaches its climax.

It is clear that the war in Vietnam, inflation, unemployment, youth and white ethnic unrest, along with the emergence of the blacks as a major political force, are changing voting patterns. There are signs of a serious breakdown in party loyalty. All these factors make accurate predictions virtually impossible. The imponderables are so many that only the amateur would attempt to foretell the voters' response, either in the short or long term.

Frederick G. Dutton, a professional politician, one-time special assistant to President John F. Kennedy, executive assistant to the former Governor of California, Edmund G. Brown, and an aide to Senator Robert F. Kennedy in the 1968 Presidential primaries, clearly recognizes that, while there is a shift in the power balances in the nation, it would be unwise to forecast what will happen later in the Seventies, and he is careful not to do so. Dutton, however, surveys the changes in public thinking and—although not reaching any major conclusions—gathers supporting evidence to justify the title of his book. *Changing Sources of Power* is worth reading for its grasp of the possible reactions of a seriously disturbed nation and the effects both external and internal stresses are having on the two-party system.

It is historically accurate to say that the broad center has usually decided national elections in this country, even though the center itself has moved time and again. Mr. Dutton does not dismiss this theory but he cites much experience to prove that the past is an uncertain guide to the future. A third and perhaps even an important fourth party, each with strong constituent support, may lie ahead and may be strong enough to break the hold of the Democrats and Republicans. Approximately twenty-five million new voters —among them, for the first time, eighteen-year-olds—will be eligible to cast their ballots at the next Presidential election.

> The potential public impact of all the young people coming of age in the 1970s [Mr. Dutton writes] lies not in just their numbers but in the distinctiveness of much about them. . . . These young people know the Depression, World War II, and most of the cold war only as episodes in the history textbooks. They have been shaped instead by the greatest material outpouring for almost an entire society that the world has ever seen, capped in the 1960s by the longest-sustained prosperity this country has yet had. And so the conditioning and the expectations they bring into the electorate are as different from the Depression-rooted attitudes and insecurities as the ICBM is from the Model T.

Women, too, have taken a greater interest and are more involved now than they ever were in the political process. Organized labor, with all its money and manpower muscle, is a vital factor, despite the rank and file's split on foreign affairs. The union leadership is not only of the older generation but was conditioned by the events preceding World War II and the aggrandizement of the Soviet Union in the years that followed. Mr. Dutton feels that the so-called "military-industrial complex" is more accurately identified as the "industrial-military-organized labor-scientific-higher education coalition. . . . Roughly 10 per cent of the entire labor force has come to owe its paychecks directly to defense spending, and practically all of that group is unionized. It provides a firm buttress for the AFL-CIO's hard-line foreign policy stance."

But if the thinking of the nation is undergoing decisive changes so, the author reminds us, are electioneering practices. He believes that the Lawrence O'Brien method of campaigning ("O'Brien's Manual"), in which precinct work is a key, belongs to the James A. Farley political era; that a "neo-Orwellian revolution is under way with the electronic programing of the political process, especially with computers and television." This development is still in an early stage of its potential. Probably the most interesting comments in this book deal with the lessening influence of the parties.

> That portion of the adult population which describes itself as Republican has dropped fairly steadily from a majority of the eligible electorate during the first three decades of this century to under a third at the outset of the 1970s. The Democrats are down from a clear majority during the Roosevelt years to around 45 per cent; and that overstates the Democratic strength, since a larger percentage of registered Democrats than Republicans usually defects in elections nation-wide. The proportion of voters who consider themselves independents is up from a fifth in the 1930s to over a fourth. Most of the very latest increase in the number of independents has come from the Democratic ranks, particularly in the South. But the independents are now about as numerous as the Republicans. This is the first time that group has challenged one of the two major parties for well over a century.

All indicators point to one significant fact: the nation is in flux. When or how it will stabilize, which traditional party will benefit, or whether a new one will spring up that will be more quickly responsive to the needs of this vast country, with its differing wants and aspirations, only events will tell.

L. L. L. Golden, who has worked in national, state, and city campaigns, diligently watches for shifting public attitudes.

"I remember when a millionaire used to look like a millionaire."

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A CRY OF ABSENCE

by Madison Jones

Crown, 280 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Madison Jones's fifth novel explores the convulsions in a Southern town after the civil rights legislation of the 1950s. Time has allowed the author to see the South in perspective, but *A Cry of Absence* is nevertheless a painful novel, not only because racial conflicts still exist but because Mr. Jones dramatically places our national turmoil in a poignant framework. Seldom have I found a novel this formal in structure, one so perfectly plotted and harmoniously designed, such a moving experience.

The heroine is forty-eight-year-old Hester Glenn, a Southern aristocrat with "an oppressive sense of being at bay." In Cameron Springs, the town to which her great-grandfather gave his name, she sees new people, new factories, a steady erosion of the agrarian values she's always cherished. Separated from her husband for fourteen years, she has tried to instill in her two sons, Ames and Cam, concepts of "goodness and reverence and honor," though she rarely translates these virtues into action.

Three years after the school desegregation ruling of 1954, Hester is unsettled by talk about "equality." If only white agitators wouldn't fan local resentments, she thinks, perhaps her community could live in peace. But when a black civil rights worker is brutally murdered, she fears that her younger son, Cam, may be involved in the crime.

Hester's gradual perception of his guilt is confirmed by Ames's proof that Cam is the murderer. Her love for seventeen-year-old Cam—a star baseball player and student, the strangely secretive but devoted son—alternates with hate as she tries to live with a terrible truth. Cam, who has always obeyed his mother's wishes, is merely confused; what has he done wrong? In a scene of almost unbearable tension, his polite earnestness and moral vacuity collide with Hester's anguish: "The horror, like something poised in the depths of her, surfaced for an instant and made her think, but not say, What are you, where do you come from?"

She answers these questions in a series of agonizing self-appraisals. But the author dramatizes her torment in a broad social context: a South transformed and shaken by new industries and ideas, the shock of people forced to examine their inherited biases. By failing to understand her past, by investing it with seductive charm, Hester has encouraged Cam's fatal romanticism, his belief that the murder of a black man will benefit white society.

The novel has a powerful line of action that moves from Hester's initial self-righteousness through her doubt, confirmation, and despair, toward the moment that she plants the thought of suicide in Cam's mind. After his death she realizes with tragic joy, an exultation born of self-knowledge, that "He was part of her fate, like something sent in malice to bring ruin upon her, upon her family, upon all that she held dearest and most worthy."

Yet no Faulknerian fatalism can excuse Hester's sins. Mr. Jones implies that social, psychological, even cosmic pressures dictate our choices, but men are still free moral agents. When she learns that more violence is about to erupt, Hester rushes to warn the endangered people and reveals her magnificence, confessing that Cam was a murderer but that she was "the one who trained him."

As in *An Exile* (1967), a concise study of a sheriff's destructive passion for a backwoods girl, the rich diffusion of Mr. Jones's earlier novels has here again been pared and shaped, giving a brilliant finish to his art. The symbols in *A Cry of Absence* (the bombing of a Confederate monument, a black target in a shooting gallery) grow out of a plot that has the inexorable momentum of life. Telling his story from the viewpoints of Hester and then Ames, who is torn between "new and old uncertainties," the author employs an implicit narrator who comments on the action in a limpid, sonorous prose.

Unfortunately, the civil rights workers in the book are blandly complacent, mouthing platitudes that reflect actual speech but belie their humanity in the subtler terms of art. Mr. Jones is not an apologist of any strict ideology, and his strenuous attempt to depict people who are utterly contemptuous of the South proves to be unavailing.

Most impressive in this novel is the success with which Ames comes to life. In agreeing with the liberals' ideas but rebelling against their cruelty to his mother, he becomes the author's ultimate spokesman. Ames's fine moral intelligence suggests that our recent history can be salvaged by demonstrating compassion for people and the problems they face. His presence warms the austerity of *A Cry of Absence*—a novel that in many respects is an astonishing technical performance by an impressive artist, a writer whose Southern themes transcend their region and embody universal truths.

Joseph Catinella is a free-lance writer and reviewer based in New York.

"He may be happy, but his happiness certainly hasn't brought him tangible rewards."

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FARNSBEE SOUTH

by Helen Hudson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 207 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by M. Cronan Minton

■ This flawed but brilliant novel resembles Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* in certain thematic ways, although artistically the two are far apart. Like Kesey's book, *Farnsbee South* is about life in a mental ward, centering on a patient who remains sane enough to defy the system and the man in charge. In both books there is a strong sense that hospital life is darkly symbolic of society in general. Here, for the moment, the parallel stops. Miss Hudson's ward is middle class and refined, a relatively subdued place, almost empty. And, whereas she is polished, literary, precise, Kesey is boorish, illiterate, and sloppy. The differences between them, however, may be more a matter of sex and sensibility than outlook, for, roughly speaking, their message is that all power (parental, psychiatric, political, religious) is evil and that the power of the few is responsible for most human misery. Miss Hudson creates in *Farnsbee South* a world in which everyone —not just the inmates but also their keepers—is wretched. And then, carefully, she demonstrates that most of them have been stifled by some form of power.

Garrick is a failed poet, maimed since birth by his vindictive mother; Joyce is a sweet-natured, would-be nun who was expelled from the convent by

(*Continued on page* 50)

WIT TWISTER #225

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Within the artist's _ _ _ _ _
she felt free,

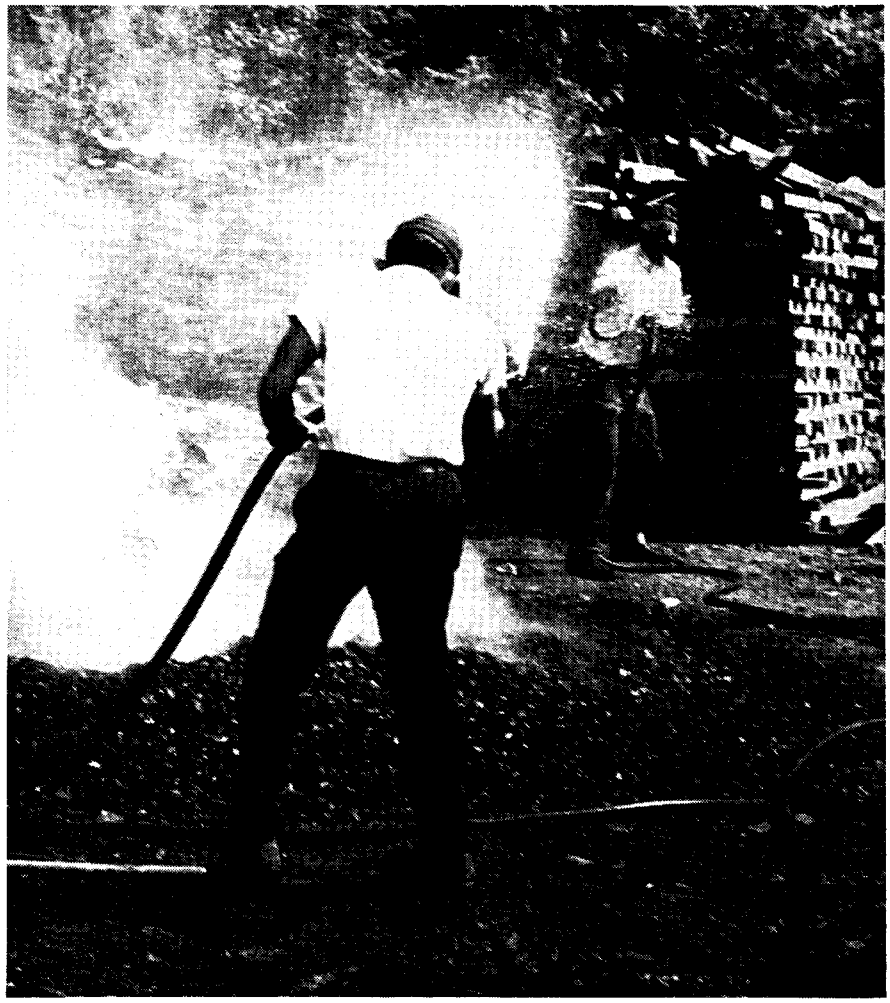
And offered him her _ _ _ _ _
recklessly.

But being disenchanted by her legs,

He offered her a _ _ _ _ _
cheese, and eggs.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 50)



WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey. That's done by seeping it down through vats packed 12 feet deep with this charcoal. What comes out is only the sippin' part, ready for aging. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it would be worth a water fight or two.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
DROP
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN.

© 1971, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

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THE MATHERS:
Three Generations of Puritan Intellectuals, 1596-1728

by Robert Middlekauff

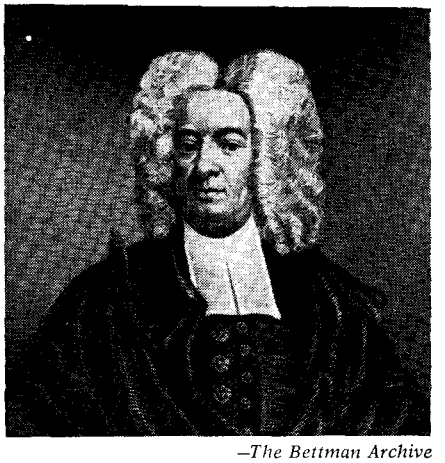
Oxford, 440 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Norman Pettit

■ *The Mathers,* as Robert Middlekauff points out, is not a family biography but an intellectual history of puritanism, an effort to discover, through a careful study of the works of Richard, Increase, and Cotton Mather, how puritanism changed after it reached New England. It did so, we are told, in ways quite different from those described by historians. The Puritan mission to America, says Mr. Middlekauff, was defined not by the founders of Massachusetts Bay but by the second and third generations, by the sons and grandsons of the founders, who "refashioned" puritanism to meet new needs.

Richard Mather (1596-1669) did not expect New England to serve as a model for Protestant Europe. He did not believe Christian truth would reside in New England alone. Rather, his concern was with events in England, from which he felt he had been banished. Richard and his colleagues in the ministry had fled not so much to New England as to the Kingdom of Light. "It was this Kingdom that concerned them," Mr. Middlekauff writes, and their vision extended to the godly throughout the world. Fifteen years after Richard had settled at Dorchester he was still sending back instructions to his old congregation in Lancashire. He and his fellow founding divines "were not Americans and never would be."

As a second-generation divine, Increase Mather (1639-1723) felt compelled to "invent" New England. Unlike his father, who thought of the Bay as an extension of the homeland (or of the church in history), Increase saw New England as a people, analogous to the Israel of old, and he gave to the land special obligations, a part to play in a holy expedition. But, as Mr. Middlekauff observes, the preachers of the second generation were unaware "that by defining mission in terms of a people's obligations as well as of the Church's, they were imposing a far greater burden upon themselves than their fathers had felt compelled to carry." Indeed, "they began to brand themselves apostates and to fashion a conception of New England as a failure." The people, said these preachers, had turned away from God; their land was overwhelmed by filth. Therefore, when the leading ministers studied their own experience, "the perceived



—The Bettman Archive

Cotton Mather—"Activity, Activity in the Service of GOD."

declension from the way of the fathers probably contributed more than anything else to their definition of New England." Israel's history, which Increase saw as a prototype for New England's, convinced him that his land would follow the path of Israel to destruction; and so he accused his parishioners of deliberate rebellion.

For sixteen years Increase served as president of Harvard College. Although he gave up on New England, his son, Cotton, did not. Cotton Mather, who described himself as "vile," "feeble," and "worthless," advised activity and enthusiasm for all. "*Be up* and be *doing,*" he cried. "Activity, Activity, in the Service of GOD, and His People; This will be most likely to be followed and rewarded with Triumphant Satisfactions." Of the three Mathers, Cotton (1663-1728) emerges most vividly, mainly because he wrote so much about himself. Whereas he shared his father's fears that New England had failed, he continued to hold out hope for a renewal of strength. In the *Magnalia,* his greatest work, he viewed the Puritan mission to America as still in progress. A faithful few, he insisted, could hold the people together and honor their covenant with the Lord. "Cotton Mather, even more than his father," writes Mr. Middlekauff, "was an American Puritan"; for he was determined that the Church and land would survive. "A third-generation American, whose family had participated in the founding and had worked in the public arena, Cotton Mather could not take lightly the fate of his people and his land."

Mr. Middlekauff has given us a volume of considerable importance and great clarity for the study of Puritan thought. In *The Mathers* we see changing patterns of behavior and attitude that reveal much about the first hundred years of American life. Cotton's "Maxims of Piety" established a tradition of evangelical zeal which is still with us. It is important to note that the darker side of his piety, his sense of the demonic, accompanied this zeal. The history of New England, Cotton maintained, was a history of Satan's conspiracy against God and his people. Therefore the best way of dealing with conspirators, devils or men, was to destroy them. At Salem in 1693 both Increase and Cotton saw to it that conspiracy was rooted out and the malefactors crushed. "Like his father before him," writes Middlekauff, "Cotton Mather loved, and despised, the people of the land." Indeed, "both feelings—love and hate—had found expression in calls on the land to reform, to give up its evil ways." Their patriarch, Richard, while still in England, had thought of escaping to the colony or, as he said, to "some like place," because he preferred exile to imprisonment. It was up to the son and grandson first to invent a land, and then to invent a sense of national mission.

Norman Pettit, associate professor of English at Boston University, is the author of "The Heart Prepared: Grace and Conversion in Puritan Spiritual Life."

PRUDERY AND PASSION

by Milton Rugoff

Putnam, 413 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Patricia MacManus

■ Two pivotal periods in the American past carry labels with a sexually repressive connotation: Puritan and Victorian. Yet, as Milton Rugoff comments, our historians "have been completely silent on how Americans . . . expressed or repressed their sexual desires," and how their attitudes toward sexuality influenced everything from education and the arts to dress, pastimes, medical practice, family life, and social position. This was largely due, as he sees it, to "taboos that are themselves Puritan or Victorian in origin."

Prudery and Passion attempts to fill that sexless gap vis-à-vis Victorian America. Though blessedly nonacademic and zesty, the book is serious in purpose, omnivorously researched (down to obscure medical journals of the period) and, in its field, may well be the definitive case for the prosecution. In a sentence—the author's—here's what I mean: "Other ages besides the Victorian have had taboos, but few have nurtured so many prejudices while denying so much evidence that their attitudes were cruel and based on distortions." In zealously marshaling that evidence, Mr. Rugoff

(*Continued on page* 51)

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Brava, Alicia"

MONTREAL.

ALICIA ALONSO is indisputably one of the great ballerinas of our era. Very probably, she is one of the great ballerinas of all time. Almost all of her ballet training took place in the United States. In 1957-58, she became the first American-sponsored ballerina to dance with Soviet companies—her trip to Russia was made possible by the good offices of the U.S. government since her own country, at that time, had no formal relations with the U.S.S.R. She is Cuban. She is no longer welcome in the United States. That is why dance lovers from all over the U.S. have traveled to Canada to see her dance with her own Ballet Nacional de Cuba. (Americans had come here during Expo to see her superlative *Giselle* with Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—WORLD OF DANCE, July 15, 1967.)

Over the years superhuman efforts have been made to bring her back to this country for guest appearances with the American Ballet Theatre, the company that presided over her promotions from *corps de ballet* to demi-soloist to soloist to ballerina to prima ballerina. Lucia Chase, co-director of the American Ballet Theatre, has fought valiantly on Congressional and State Department levels to get an entry permit for Miss Alonso (the Cuban government is perfectly willing for her to return to the scenes of her greatest triumphs and to meet again with her oldest and dearest friends in dance, dating back to her career in American musicals in the late 1930s), but Miss Chase has been turned down. The reason, or excuse, was that Miss Alonso could not be protected from anti-Castroite Cubans. Canada has protected her without difficulty.

After opening night here, a very small number of us who had known Alicia since 1939 (and before) took her and her husband, Fernando Alonso, to a quiet place for supper. The group included Maria Karnilova, recently the Broadway star of *Zorba* and *Fiddler on the Roof*, and Donald Saddler, the Tony winner for his choreography for *No, No, Nanette*.

Miss Karnilova, who was in the musical *Stars in Your Eyes*, leaned across the table and asked, "Alicia, why haven't you written to me?" To which Alonso replied in a whisper: "I'm a Communist." The Karnilova retort was, "What the hell is that to me!" And Miss Alonso, who is now almost totally blind and can see only the brightest of lights, replied, "Marusia, I'm supposed to be dangerous."

We did not talk politics. It was a warm and loving and teary "Do you remember . . .?" conversation. It ranged from memories of when Karnilova did a baby-sitting job for Alicia (a mother at sixteen) and when the two got two bucks a show for jobs as supers and when a Cuban so trained in American dance had to teach Karnilova the time-step so she could land a job in a Broadway musical to wild recollections of rehearsals with the greats—Fokine, Mordkin, Balanchine, Tudor, de Mille, Robbins. Alonso, with her enormous black eyes, would look into space until she heard a voice and then turn to it. Blind and with a fractured bone in her foot, she danced divinely here in Montreal. Not only is she a great artist; she is a great woman, brave and self-disciplined to the degree that made Saddler say, "She makes us, with out petty gripes, ashamed of ourselves."

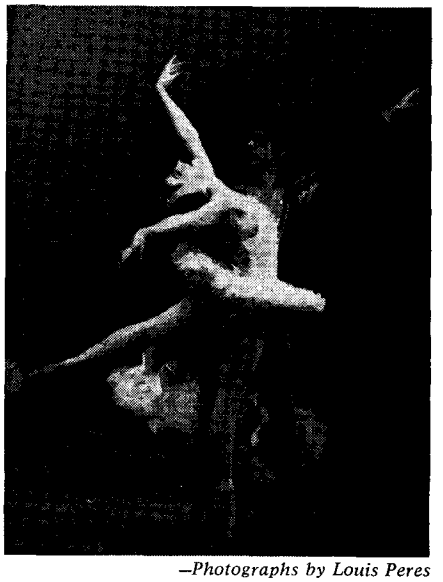
To dance when blind seems like an impossible feat. Miss Alonso will not permit it to be so. Her eyes are operable and partial vision could be restored, but it would require one year of rest. At fifty-two, Alicia Alonso cannot indulge in a year of inactivity, for she could never reschool every muscle in her body to dance again. She herself made the decision: "I must dance as long as I can—it is my life."

On stage, she has a double spotlight at the center of the footlights and two other spots, stage left and right. She sees, dimly, only brightness. On every stage new to her, she paces out each ballet. When she must make a stage exit alone, she is "talked off" by someone in the wings.

But only a few know that Alicia Alonso is blind. The vast public sees only a great artist, a remarkable virtuosa who can do multiple pirouettes or *fouettés*. The leg swings ear-high, the balances are what suspension is all about, in the *port-de-bras* you see the loveliest of arms etched in space. There are no apologies for blindness, and none are expected. Alicia Alonso is that rarest of dancing creatures, a *prima ballerina assoluta*.

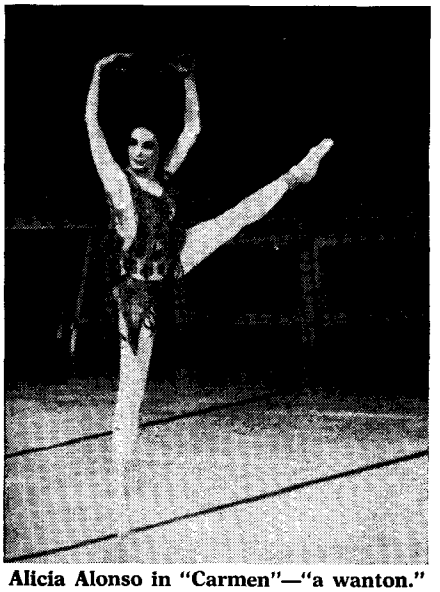
In Montreal she danced roles that ranged from the classics to today's ballets. I saw her as Odette in Act II of *Swan Lake*—here indeed was a singing body—and in her brother-in-law's *Carmen*, created especially by Alberto Alonso for the Bolshoi Ballet's Maya Plisetskaya (WORLD OF DANCE, July 27, 1968; June 21, 1969). Alonso danced it with Azari Plisetski, Maya's brother (now a Cuban resident), and brought to it a fire that only a Latin could. Plisetskaya was a delicious hoyden; Alonso, a wanton, whose death scene tore the viewer to pieces. (Ironically, Plisetskaya can come to America, but Plisetski, from Cuba, cannot.)

For Alicia Alonso there were shouting ovations in Montreal, not only by the old-time admirers but by a new generation who had known of her only as a great legend. She transcends the pettiness of politics—she has time for nothing but the perfecting of her art—but we are supposed to think of her as dangerous! At least we are permitted to remember that as an American ballerina she brought us international luster for more than three decades. Brava, Alicia! Blind but with a vision of enduring dance beauty.



—*Photographs by Louis Peres*

Alicia Alonso, with Azari Plisetski, in Act II of "Swan Lake"—"a singing body."



Alicia Alonso in "Carmen"—"a wanton."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

San Diego Watered Down

IF YOU CAN IMAGINE San Francisco without hills or Palm Springs without desert, then you can picture San Diego without water. It can't be done. Water is a part of every San Diegan's life and it quickly seeps into the experience of every outsider who happens by. Whether you gaze at it from your hotel window, or skim across it on one of the many craft in the local fleet, or ride bareback beside it up at La Jolla, it's always close by and easily met. One afternoon as I fled the desert on an American Astrojet out of Tucson, I thought what a welcome sight water would be once again, little suspecting how much it would wash my life in the next few days.

Pulling up to my first night's lodging, the Master Hosts Inn in Mission Valley, I caught a glimpse of the marquee out front touting, among other attractions, waterbeds. Well, it turned out there were only two in the house, and both would be occupied for the remainder of that Memorial Day weekend. Master Hosts tacks on a $10 surcharge for its waterbed rooms, but hotel rates all over San Diego being as reasonable as they are, you can rock yourself to sleep for only $25 or so. Most rooms on Hotel Circle in Mission Valley, sans waterbed, go for just $12 single and $16 double—rates the local hoteliers claim are unmatched across the country. Surprisingly, the waterbed accommodations do not always sell out. "One guy wanted to check out in the middle of the night," a bemused hotel executive told me. "He said he was getting seasick."

I went downstairs for a drink the first night in town, and there behind the bar of the Reef Lounge was a pair of sea nymphs in bikinis performing their nightly underwater ballet in a glass tank. Their tandem wrigglings barely seemed to interest the long row of men at the bar, and indeed the hot-pants-ed waitresses were stealing the major share of attention. It was about then that I became ensnared in a verbal peculiarity of the region. When a woman at my table asked for a *tall* scotch and water, I followed suit, eager to try the deluxe size. Sensing a miscalculation on my part, she said: "You know a tall drink out here means it's heavily watered." I switched back in time, marveling at the variants in the American idiom, but the drink that came nonetheless carried only a faint hint of Scotland. I registered a mild complaint, but nothing more. By that time I was beginning to suffer from water on the brain.

Overnight, a strange thing happened in San Diego. It rained. And in the morning a steady drizzle was still falling, causing me to wonder who up there was chuckling. Certain denizens of San Diego will have you believe that rain never falls on its hallowed turf, and in fact the weather bureau maintains that there are 353 sunny days a year in San Diego, a figure derived from calculating conditions over a full decade. "But what that means," a man from the Convention and Visitors Bureau admitted, "is that the sun makes some kind of appearance on 353 days, even if only for a minute. Our office doesn't make any such claims about the weather. As a rule, July, August, and September are dry and sunny, but clouds and rain may come anytime."

Rain or not, I had a date with the porpoises, whales, and other tenants of Sea World, San Diego's ever expanding marine circus. While most Southern California tourist attractions have reported 1971 as a slack year, Sea World to date has enjoyed a 7 per cent increase in attendance and is profiting enough to have opened a branch in Aurora, Ohio, twenty-two miles southeast of Cleveland. Through the raindrops I watched a couple of walruses and seals slapping and slopping around in their tank, fully enjoying the inclemency. Most seals arrive at Sea World as mere foundlings, having washed up on Southern California beaches and been abandoned by their mothers.

This has been, if you'll pardon the expression, a whale of a year at Sea World. The finishing touches have been applied to a $1.5-million tank in which Shamu the killer whale will "go Hollywood" for the first time. A few months ago, after a bikini-clad diver slipped from her back, Shamu chewed the girl's legs so badly she needed 200 stitches. Whale and girl were supposed to be posing that day for publicity pictures, so the whole episode was recorded on film and appeared on nationwide TV news. Making the most of the carnage, Sea World sent the recuperating victim to New York, where she appeared on *To Tell the Truth*, and in a return engagement on network news she and Shamu kissed and made up.

Sea World, not wishing to stir up a Women's Lib brouhaha, has nonetheless decided to match Shamu, the first trained killer whale, only with men from now on. There is a suspicion, unconfirmed, that the whale responded sexually to the woman on her back. "She was wearing a bikini and not a wet suit, and all that flesh might have bothered her," said a Sea World trainer.

My visit on that rainy Friday coincided with the transfer of Gigi, a baby California gray whale, from a small tank to a larger one some distance across Sea World's well-sculpted acreage. Captured with a series of nets and lassos on March 13 in Scammon Lagoon off Baja California, Gigi represents a breed of whale that became almost extinct in the 1930s. Because of international protective regulations set down since then, the grays have multiplied to some 18,000. Each winter, whole schools can be spotted gushing their way south past San Diego on an annual run from the Bering Sea to Baja and back.

Gigi, gaining twenty-six pounds a day and ready for a bigger tank, was playing with a porpoise friend when four staff members climbed in and prepared to bind her up in a canvas bag suspended on ropes from a truck that would hoist her, dangling in midair, to her new home. Gigi flapped loose several times just when the bag was about to be secured around her considerable belly, and more than once a powerful swish of her tail fin sent her captors reeling backwards into the drink. I stood by and cheered Gigi's mammoth efforts silently, and when

—Mark Chester, ASCAP

Gigi the gray whale—"Captured with a series of nets and lassos."

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I left the game after an hour, it was still no contest. Eventually the switch was made. Gigi, the only California gray in captivity, will live a life of cloistered contemplation as a scientific subject far from her friends in the Bering Sea.

I switched tanks that day, too, moving downtown to sample the offbeat splendor of the Westgate Plaza, which, although its suites provide unimpaired views of the harbor, embodies little of the easygoing seaside mood inherent in most San Diego hotels. Such is the intention. C. Arnholt Smith, a banker and fishing fleet owner, frankly was aiming to build the plushest hotel in the country, and from parquet and marble floors in the main lobby to the 18-carat gold ashtrays and fixtures in the rooms, he may have succeeded. But San Diego—carefree, outdoor San Diego—doesn't take too well to indoor grandeur. "I think the Westgate is ten years ahead of itself," a tourist official told me. "Smith spent fourteen-and-a-half million on it, realizing all the time it would never pay off. It was simply his monument." Certainly it won't pay off with the somewhat modest rates it charges, beginning at $26 a day. For something more than that (the highest charge is $125 daily), you can have a butler at your beck and call for eight hours, or a secretary. During my stay, the hotel was almost eerie in its emptiness. Entering the spacious chandeliered lobby was like finding yourself alone in Tiffany's on a Sunday.

It's seldom hard to scare up a boat ride in San Diego. Just about everyone in town seems to own a boat or knows someone who does. A packet of Dramamine was at the ready Saturday morning, but the day turned up too bleak and threatening for my taste. So instead I headed up the coast by Hertzmobile to the town of Oceanside, the scene of a weekend-long water festival. What I found, in full tilt under a clearing midday sky, was an old-fashioned country circus with calliope band, prancing Clydesdales, pink clouds of cotton candy. The only water sport in sight—and one new to me—was a model boat race being conducted with great ceremony and intensity in an adjoining lagoon. The contestants, grown men in bright team jerseys, stood on the shore and guided tiny, whining boats around in circles with hand-operated electronic controls. All that awaited the winners were ribbons and plaques, but they were competing with such stern-jawed concentration they might have been racing the Indianapolis 500, which was being contested that very day. When one of the two-foot-long boats would stall, its owner would row out in a dinghy to pick it up—that is, if an old man in a white moustache and blue jump suit was unsuccessful in hooking it from shore with a rod and reel. The event had the sanction of the North American Model Boat Association, which, one of its members said, is growing in stature across the country and particularly in California. This was no game for boys, and in fact more than once the man on the loudspeaker shooed kids away from the skippers' area. They must have wondered, the younger ones, why all those big men were playing with such little boats.

On Sunday, I finally got waterborne, catching the maiden voyage — or "flight," as our captain put it—of the Baja Coaster hovercraft to Tijuana, seventeen miles down the coast from San Diego. One of the few such vessels in operation (another plies the English Channel), the hovercraft actually lifts off the water and glides a few feet above the surface at speeds of up to 60 mph. Twenty minutes after leaving San Diego, the orange and pink creature with black rubber tubing around its waterline swooped in with the surf at Tijuana. And just when I thought it was going to run halfway up the cliffs, it dropped neatly onto a ramp.

Actually, the hovercraft lands south of Tijuana at Playas de Tijuana, where a white-sideburned Mexican developer named José Alvarez Malo has built a sort of Mexican athletic and cultural center called Cortijo San José. It is Malo's aim to upgrade the brand of Tijuana divertissement by offering, within four whitewashed walls, craft shops, restaurants, horse shows, experimental theater, cockfighting (without betting), and a bullfighting school open to anyone with a cape. There were no bulls of my caliber to fight, so Señor Malo and I, perhaps flushed by several noontime gulps of tequila, went at each other on a blanched courtyard beneath a warming sun, he twirling the cape expertly and I charging with forefingers pointed.

By the end of the afternoon I looked forward to an easy ride back on the Baja Coaster, thankful to be avoiding the Sunday traffic and confusion at the border. But we never got off the ramp. The hovercraft, which had experienced some mechanical woes during the trial stages in the weeks before, spluttered and fell dead without even getting its inner tube wet. The only way back was by bus, a creaking old one at that, which seemed to find every rut and bump en route to the border. By then I needed a drink, and not a tall one.

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As Others See Us

The Pentagon Papers

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The recent publication by* The New York Times *of the Pentagon's secret study on the U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, followed by similar disclosures in the* Washington Post *and other U.S. newspapers, has had global reverberations, of which the following excerpts are representative.*

MONTREAL:

A COURT ORDER restraining *The New York Times* in advance from publishing reports not only violated a principle but could have an impact far beyond the United States itself—that is, in any country where written or unwritten Constitutional rights are based on British precedent. Two centuries ago, Sir William Blackstone, the most famous of British jurists, wrote:

"The liberty of the press is indeed essential to the nature of a free state; but this consists in laying no previous restraints upon publications, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matter when published. Every free man has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public. To forbid this is to destroy the freedom of the press; but if he publishes what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequences of his own temerity."

The private citizen's or the public's protection against any abuse by the press is generally covered by the latter point. But to place restraints in advance—as the U.S. government has attempted—is clearly a sudden rejection of the principle enunciated by Blackstone. A world concerned with its basic freedoms must fight such attempts by the state to reverse an old and tested concept.

—*The Montreal Star.*

MANCHESTER:

THE action President Nixon has taken, banning further publication of the McNamara papers, could hurt him more than their contents. His general Vietnam policies appear on the surface to be better than those of his predecessors. But the period covered by the reports shows that, in relation to Indochina and from the time of President Truman, policy decisions were not presented accurately in official and public statements. What reason is there to believe that practices grown habitual over all these years have now stopped?

The implications for the much-vaunted open society in the United States are the ones that will affect President Nixon's administration. Already a credibility gap yawns over such incidents as the abortive attempt to retrieve prisoners held in North Vietnam, predictions about the end of the Vietnam War, and the invasions of Cambodia and Laos. There appears to be an official refusal to admit failure. The alarming disparity between promise and performance depresses even those with faith in governmental processes. The McNamara papers show that super powers take decisions much the same way the world over—with scant concern for the opinions or the feelings of those they represent. President Nixon's task will be to prove that his method of government is in any way different.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

LONDON:

THE secret history of the war as now made known from the Pentagon report prepared at the request of the former Defense Secretary, Robert McNamara, confirms, even beyond extreme expectations, the extent to which the American administration had become a prisoner of these obsessions. Some of the errors of the past revealed in these documents must still survive in Mr. Nixon's administration. Is the handling of the government in Saigon any more clear-sighted? Is the balancing of American interests against political realities rather than against political fictions any more rigorous?

—*The Times.*

THE life and government of America are being distorted by opponents of the war in Vietnam who are so obsessed by it, so incapable of coming to terms with mere error and mischance, so unwilling to acknowledge that life is likely to be untidy, that the single preposterous failure of the U.S. government to bring a small country to its knees is exaggerated out of all proportion. But the United States is keeping the peace valiantly in other parts of the world. None of us knows in detail why the Secretary of State, Mr. Rogers, made so great an impression on the Arabs during his recent visit. He almost certainly did it by suggesting to the Arabs that the United States was more sympathetic than in the past to their claims, while at the same time suggesting to the Israelis that its sympathy toward them was unchanged. He almost certainly lied to both of them. Neither the United States, nor Russia —nor China, for that matter—can perform its peace-keeping function if every confidence is to be betrayed. Does one really believe that Communist China will continue its delicate negotiations with the United States if every detail of its concessions is to be published by *The New York Times?*

—*Sunday Express.*

MOSCOW:

THE SERIES of articles on the history of the [Pentagon's secret report on] American aggression in Vietnam published in *The New York Times* came as a flash of lightning illumining all the secrets of the American state and political system, seeing its disgusting features heavily disguised as democracy.

—*Yuri Barsukov, Izvestia.*

WHETHER the newspaper wished it or not, *The New York Times*'s publication completely discredited in the eyes of the Americans the U.S. government's Vietnamese policy, which was presented by its sponsors as actions in defense of "Saigon democracy" against "communist aggression." That is why official Washington took immediate measures to stop further printing of exposés in the press.

—*Sovetskaya Rossia.*

BARCELONA:

THE McNamara papers, as published by *The New York Times*, confirm . . . a lamentable series of double-dealing, falsehoods, manipulations, and intrigues, and above all that the White House, the Department of State, and the Pentagon under successive administrations committed innumerable errors. We won't go into the details here, but if there is one word that sadly spells out the current political difficulties in the United States, it is "Vietnam." But amidst all this scandal a certain magnificence in a political system is revealed. Certainly the great *New York Times* in publishing these provocative documents has exercised a right founded in the profound solidity and current strength of the United States. You can be sure that the great populace of the Soviet Union, to cite an outstanding example, would never find a revelation of governmental errors, intrigues, or conspiracy in the pages of *Pravda* or *Izvestia.*

The strength of the U.S. is precisely that the publication of documents such as those just published does no serious or lasting harm to American institutions, and, even if enormous repercussions have been produced in public opinion in the U.S., the first consequence of such repercussions is a public examination of conscience through

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strictly legal means and in accord with the great principles expounded by the Constitution.

—*Vanguardia.*

TOKYO:

IF the problem is viewed from the standpoint of freedom of the press, the U.S. government will itself damage that foundation—which is guaranteed under the Constitution, and on which American democracy itself is based. The question of violation of the Constitution cannot help but arise here—and the problem is also raised of the misuse of the "secrecy" concept by the Executive branch of the government. This will spotlight in a more severe form the confrontations between newspapers and governments over freedom of the press, which is now the subject of fierce debates in Singapore and other Southeast Asian countries.

Many major problems are contained therein, and opinions on this issue differ according to individuals. But there probably are no denials anywhere of the fact that the policies of the government can be communicated accurately to the people only through freedom of the press, and of the fact that "national prestige" and "national interests" are really safeguarded for the first time only when a true consensus of the people is obtained through this freedom of the press.

—*Asahi Evening News.*

MUNICH:

THE Europeans too have a word to say in this conflict, for the Americans are their most important allies. There is no other advice one can offer at this point than that the United States must withdraw from this immoral and senseless war adventure. Not only would it not lose face; on the contrary, it would regain its prestige.

—*Süddeutsche Zeitung.*

MILAN:

AMONG the more curious details of the affair is the fact that, when the government passed from Johnson to Nixon, no one thought of informing the new Republican administration of the existence [of the Pentagon papers]. For three years they lay, forgotten, in the archives of the Pentagon. Both Nixon and his foreign affairs expert, Henry Kissinger, learned about them from *The New York Times.* Another interesting fact is the silence of the principals involved. . . . Substantially, the McNamara papers apportion responsibility for Vietnam among all four of the post-war Presidents: Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson. . . . Kennedy left Johnson with a choice between escalation and withdrawal, and, after a period of uncertainty, Johnson opted for escalation. Johnson's major fault was to conceal, from both Congress and the country, the real purposes of his strategy and their logical consequences. . . . Today public opinion makes two demands: first, to re-establish the disrupted balance between the Executive branch of the government and Congress in the field of international affairs; second, to re-establish the credibility of White House declarations. The storm aroused by the present controversy might help President Nixon to conclude the tragic Vietnam adventure, but only if he learns the lesson that he must pursue a policy so clear that no one can doubt its sincerity.

—*Corriere della Sera.*

BUDAPEST:

The New York Times has started to reveal details of one of the most astounding conspiracies in modern history—the hidden secrets of the then President Johnson's plotting to escalate the war against Democratic Vietnam, a fantastic deception of the American and world public. The Nixon administration immediately took its stand. It is not the Vietnam War, not the Indochinese adventure, that irreparably damage American interests, but the revelation of the truth about the origin, character, and countenance of the war.

I was there when, in August 1968, Richard Nixon stood on the speaker's platform before the Republican convention in Miami and accused the incumbent Johnson administration of deceiving the nation, of fatal narrow-mindedness, of a catastrophic policy in Vietnam. Nixon called for a return to honesty, to frank and merciless revelation of the truth, to the old spirit of American democracy. He promised that should there be a change of guard, i.e., a Republican administration, all the shame and horror that for years had sullied the flag and the nation's honor would be swept away. We shall start with Vietnam, with peace, Nixon said in Miami in August 1968.

—*György Gimes,*
Radio Budapest (1900 GMT).

PARIS:

THE revelations about the former Democratic President are just as dangerous for the current U.S. Chief Executive. If the documents published . . . directly raise questions about Lyndon Johnson and his closest collaborators, the scandal covers the entire U.S. policy in Indochina, of which President Nixon was the heir and continuator. Is the word of the one worth the word of the other? . . . The crisis of confidence under discussion now is not that of foreign governments' being indignant that confidential initiatives are publicly revealed, as William Rogers claims. The real crisis of confidence is that of the American people as regards their leaders who promise peace to get elected and who continue the war. The 1972 Presidential campaign will begin in less than a year. But henceforth it will be more difficult for Richard Nixon to shamelessly fool his public.

—*L'Humanité.*

CAN one speak of freedom of the press when it is a question of divulging secret documents concerning national defense, an offense covered perhaps—this is open to interpretation—by the law on espionage crimes? Should not the public's right to information, guaranteed by the Constitution . . . have certain limitations when the security of the state is at stake? Can the American government permit its confidential communications with foreign governments to be divulged without faith in its diplomacy being seriously undermined? This is a debate that the Supreme Court itself will probably have to settle.

—*Le Figaro.*

PRAGUE:

No one could be surprised at the efforts being made by the federal authorities in the United States to silence the editors of *The New York Times,* who have exposed the scandalously planned U.S. attack on the Vietnam Democratic Republic. President Nixon himself rather distorted the carefully fabricated image of himself when, in connection with the invasions of Cambodia and Laos, he resumed air raids on the Vietnam Democratic Republic. In their strict administrative measures against the *Times,* President Nixon, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, and Attorney General John Mitchell are guided by the fear that, if the secret documents were published showing that the U.S. government was preparing air raids on the Vietnam Democratic Republic long before the alleged Tonkin Gulf incident, the ordinary people might realize that there was not much difference between the policy of President Nixon and that of his predecessor. Both are engaged in war in violation of the Constitution and are guilty of deceit without the knowledge of Congress and against the will of the American people.

—*C. T. K.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Taps for Lenny Bruce

IN A PUZZLING but perhaps significant prologue to Julian Barry's new play *Lenny*, we are shown a zany parody of an American Indian convocation in which individual members of the tribe are asked to give up something for the Lord. Each tries to outdo the other in sacrificing material possessions. Finally, all these donors are surpassed by one who offers to give up something that cannot be mentioned. The intimation is that he has whispered to the astonished chief the four-letter word Portnoy used as slang shorthand for the fair sex. What this prologue may be suggesting is that sometime in the history of religion, the zeal of worshipers went too far, and the natural and earthy enjoyment of sex was perverted into an unnatural association between sexuality and evil. However, it is only in the last few years that this association has been vigorously challenged, and that challenge has stimulated the current sexual revolution.

A prophet of this revolution is the late Lenny Bruce, a nightclub comedian who insisted upon shocking people with his non-euphemistic exploration of such material. And the play *Lenny* is simply a chronicle of his professional life using mainly his actual nightclub routines, but ending with a bitter accusation of society—namely, that his persecution and death in 1966 at the age of forty constituted a modern parallel to the Crucifixion of Christ.

Since the vast majority of theatergoers never saw the real Lenny Bruce, the question of whether *Lenny* is totally authentic becomes secondary. What matters is the play's ability to challenge our taboos about sexual candor. And although I don't think it will convert many theatergoers, *Lenny* does make the audience uncomfortable about the gap between its public inhibitions and its private practices. This discomfort is doubled by the awareness of how less shocking these words have become in the last few years.

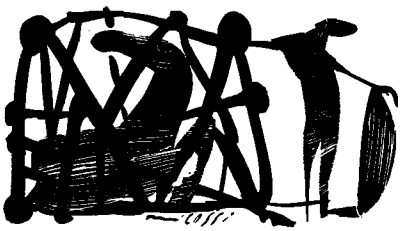
The contrast between the purity of Bruce's "bad language" and the contamination of men's room talk is nicely demonstrated when another comedian (Sherman Hart in the play but reportedly Milton Berle in real life) admonishes Lenny for making his act too dirty and then proceeds to tell him one of his own jokes, with the prediction: "This will make you s--t your pants." Later on, Bruce's ultimate honesty is made most moving when he defends the use of a ten-letter word on the grounds that it refers to an act of love that he deeply respects. And in one abrasive number he stridently explodes the absurdity of most people's reticence about mentioning the experience of orgasm.

Cliff Gorman, who plays the title role, makes no attempt to imitate. He delivers the Bruce routines in his own way and portrays him as a quixotic young man who believes that his pureheartedness will prevail against society's hostility. Thus he ends up baffled and confused rather than agonized. It is a remarkable feat to perform so many different nightclub solos so relaxedly and freshly that they never become tedious. And, most beautifully, he keeps his portrayal free of self-pity.

The play is also aided by the direction of Tom O'Horgan, who recognizes that *Lenny* is a loose chronicle with many gaps. Therefore, he has exercised the kind of free imagination a painter might bring to the subject. Although a good deal of it seems without discernible logic, the images are frequently vivid, memorable, and humorous. Most stunning is the final scene in which designer Robin Wagner's huge tableau of Mount Rushmore is revealed. Dramatically, Nixon's mouth drops open and we see Lenny naked and dead slumped over a toilet bowl.

The production and Gorman's performance—appropriately supported by the burlesque buffoonery of Joe Silver as Sherman Hart and the appealing femininity of Jane House as Lenny's wife, who appears most of the time in a G string—ultimately win out over the play's incompleteness, to make *Lenny* one of the season's more exciting entries.

The list of promising playwrights produced in New York this season is a long one. It includes among others: Julian Barry *(Lenny)*; Daniel Berrigan *(The Trial of the Catonsville Nine)*; A. R. Gurney *(Scenes from American Life)*; Leon Katz *(Dracula: Sabbat)*; Robert Montgomery *(Subject to Fits)*; Dennis Reardon *(The Happiness Cage)*; Paul Sills *(Story Theatre)*; Steven Tesich *(The Carpenters)*; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. *(Happy Birthday, Wanda June)*; and Derek Walcott *(The Dream on Monkey Mountain)*. And possibly the most promising playwright of them all was David Rabe, a thirty-year-old ex-soldier, whose *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* has found a home at Joseph Papp's Public Theater. His simple tale of a young misfit who is drafted into the Army and killed in a Vietnam brothel is a tough play to produce, because it is hardly likely to draw pleasure-minded Broadway audiences and its large cast makes it economically unfeasible for Off-Broadway producers. However, the charmed Mr. Papp has found enough subsidy to be able to undertake almost any project that interests him, and even to keep worthwhile plays running when they are losing money at the box office. This philosophy of production opens the door to many playwrights who would otherwise have to shelve their work or risk the inadequacies of Off-Off-Broadway productions of short duration.



At the Public's Newman Theatre, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* has been given a superb production by director Jeff Bleckner and a disciplined cast headed by William Atherton in the title role. The play is little more than a story told in flashbacks, in which we see Pavlo's basic training and his career in Vietnam. Although it tells us very little about Vietnam, it paints an impressively accurate picture of the military life and its pathetic waste of men and boys. The basic-training phase of the action features a jazzy first sergeant, nicely played by Joe Fields, who catches the ironic humor of an experienced soldier having fun dehumanizing recruits into reasonably efficient dogs with the conditioned reflexes that give them a chance for survival in a shooting war.

A second irony in the play is that Pavlo does survive the shooting, but eventually loses his life in a brothel. Here Pavlo encounters another soldier with the girl he wants, and instead of waiting his turn viciously attacks and humiliates his rival. The soldier responds by throwing a grenade into the brothel. There is a flaw in all this, because we are not able to connect Pavlo's sudden sadistic behavior with his Army experience. And although the play includes a chorus character, the significance of the action, beyond a vague suggestion that war is a tragedy of meaningless accidents, fails to emerge. On the other hand, it might have required a wrenching of the material to make this important point clearer. And to wrench the material could have poisoned the honesty of this impressively authentic new play.

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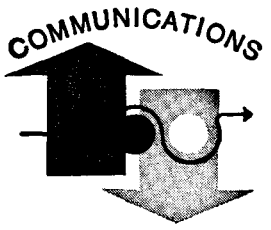

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

When Newspapers Do Their Thing

SR Communications

37 Editorial by Richard L. Tobin

39 Letters to the Communications Editor

40 Are Illustrators Obsolete?
by Stuart W. Little

45 Everything Changes—Even the Newsroom
by M. L. Stein

47 Public Relations: The Opening Door
by L. L. L. Golden

48 Micrographics: A Growing Industry
by John Tebbel

The unparalleled usefulness to the American public of a truly great newspaper, such as *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* (and the disastrous loss to that public when a *Herald Tribune* dies), has seldom been as dramatically capsuled as in the recent matter of the Pentagon papers and their brackish revelation. Whatever the legislation—and the case is bound to go on for months, even years—we cannot but believe that the American public had a right to these historical documents, that the *Times* and the *Post* served an essential function as a free and uncensored medium of public information, and that not one soldier now in Vietnam will suffer the slightest inconvenience or hurt because Pentagon history before 1968 was published in an American newspaper.

Press and public were not the only segments of American society to find fascination in the case of the Pentagon papers. The U.S. Supreme Court postponed its normal summer recess to go more thoroughly into the vital arguments from both sides—whether valuable secrets had been given away, whether the Republic had been endangered by publication of the historical documents, whether the information bore in any way on current confidential diplomatic or military maneuvers, whether the First Amendment outweighed all other matters in this historic case.

Scotty Reston put it best of all when he wrote: "Great court cases are made by the clash of great principles, each formidable standing alone, but in conflict limited, 'all neither wholly false nor wholly true.'" The *Times* case is an example of the oldest of conflicts between freedom and security. It goes back to John Milton and his *Areopagitica*, which in the seventeenth century cried out against government censorship. In Milton's time the government claimed it had the right to decide, in effect, to license what could or could not be published prior to publication. From Milton on, all advocates of freedom of the press have used the *Areopagitica* as a north star.

Reston goes on: "So a judgment has to be made when the government argues for security, even over historical documents, and the *Times* argues for freedom to publish. That is what is before the court. It is not a black and white case—as it was in the Cuban missile crisis when the Soviet ships were approaching President Kennedy's blockade in the Caribbean. It is a conflict between printing or suppressing, not military information affecting the lives of men on the battlefield, but historical documents about a tragic and controversial war; not between what is right and what is wrong, but between two honest but violently conflicting views about what best serves the national interest and the enduring principles of the First Amendment."

The inside story of the greatest news beat in modern times reads like something out of Hecht and MacArthur. The first inkling most *Times* staffers had that something extraordinary must be going on occurred when, one by one, top reporters began to disappear. Hedrick Smith, a first-rate diplomatic reporter about to be assigned to Moscow, departed quietly from the Washington Bureau newsroom. Soon after, Neil Sheehan, veteran Vietnam correspondent, was conspicuously absent. Then E. W. Kenworthy, an environmental expert, vanished. When staff members asked Robert Phelps, news editor of the Washington Bureau, where everybody had gone, he ducked the question, but bureau gossip had it that Sheehan was "on assignment," Kenworthy was "on vacation," and Smith was "off studying Russian."

In the New York office, three editors from the foreign news desk late this spring disappeared suddenly from 43rd Street and, unknown to the staff gen-

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erally, holed up in the Hilton ten blocks away. Fox Butterfield, a top New Jersey suburban reporter, the son of Lyman H. Butterfield, the eminent historian, and grandson of industrialist Cyrus Eaton, dropped out from the metropolitan staff and also moved into the Hilton. Soon a mountain of reference books on the Vietnam War followed the reporters and editors into the hotel. A. M. Rosenthal, the managing editor, and Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the publisher, of the *Times*, were in on "Project X" from the beginning. Rosenthal said later: "There was a hell of a lot of discussion at high level, but no voices were raised and nobody got mad at anybody else." From the first, Rosenthal was certain that the Pentagon material was authentic and that the *Times* would eventually publish it.

To make things even more mysterious for the rest of the staff, temporary walls were erected in one section of the composing room and a few selected typesetters were assigned to work within this secrecy, having been told to reveal nothing about the extraordinary material they were setting. Late in the afternoon of Saturday, June 12, makeup men who were laying out the Sunday paper were notified that a highly secret story would start on page 1 and jump to six full pages inside. By early evening "Project X" was in publication and the *Times* metropolitan and foreign news desks were swamped with phone calls, chiefly from broadcasters wanting to pursue the fantastic scoop. Managing Editor Rosenthal said of the *Times* staff that it was unified by "Project X" as never before, a common pride in a news beat of transcendental importance to the nation, the world, and, quite obviously, the journalistic fraternity. No one at the *Times* had to be told this was the prize story to end them all. And the gag around the newsroom all week was "All the news they let us print."

Years ago, *The New York Times* was condemned for not having published information it had about U-2 flights over the Soviet Union, classified information if ever there was such. Again, the *Times* was attacked vigorously for playing the government's game when it refused to publish a story ready for print that Cuban freedom fighters were about to land at the Bay of Pigs the following morning. Later, President Kennedy publicly stated that he wished the *Times* had published the story that day—it might have saved him and the whole United States a lot of grief. The *Times* withheld reports, by agreement with President Kennedy, on the Cuban missile crisis. The *Times* knew that Kennedy was deploying the Atlantic Fleet to blockade the Russians in case they refused to withdraw their nuclear armaments from Cuba after an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation. Incidentally, the paper was roundly condemned for publishing the Dumbarton Oaks papers on the organization of the United Nations and also for printing inside information on what had actually happened at Yalta. Because the nation's security was at stake, every good newspaper in this country from time to time has withheld vital news stories, usually reporting the details later.

How did the world press react to publication of the documents on the Vietnam War? In brief, it overwhelmingly supported both the *Times* and *Post*. *The Times* of London, perhaps the most influential and certainly one of the most carefully written newspapers in the world, put it succinctly: "All governments find that they have to be less than frank and all governments are divided by their own hopes, but to go to war on a lie is a different matter." In France, *Le Monde* said: "*The New York Times* has perhaps violated certain rules, but it will certainly have contributed to raising the prestige of the United States if, by its audacity, it provokes the citizens of the Union to demand respect for the Constitution, that is to say, better control over the Executive."

In our country, the New York *Daily News*, hardly a friend of the *Times* and about as hawklike as a mass-circulation newspaper can get, supported its cross-town rival to the hilt in thirteen beautifully chosen words: "In a free country, a newspaper is supposed to act like a newspaper." The Long Island daily *Newsday* said: "The *Times* has done a distinct public service in publishing this heretofore secret history," sentiments echoed by *The Wall Street Journal*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Los Angeles *Times*, and other top dailies across the country. *The Christian Science Monitor* felt that the legal judgments are of supreme importance historically and that the decisions would no doubt be a landmark.

The case of the Pentagon papers is intriguing because it marks the first time in American history that the federal government has gone to court to prevent a nationally known newspaper from printing material of vital importance to the country. It is all very well for wags like H. L. Mencken to say that government is the natural enemy of all well-disposed, decent, and industrious men. To those who have thought that Vietnam was a mistake from the beginning, the censorship battle is an open-and-shut case. The fact remains, however, that the White House and many on Capitol Hill firmly believe that *The New York Times* took stolen goods and distributed them. Many responsible people in Washington are of the opinion that if the *Times* and all the other newspapers that have followed suit get away with this one, there won't be much classified material safe at any point in the future. What makes the *Times* case more pertinent than any other in memory is that the greatest and most powerful newspaper in this country did not simply print a précis or summary of the Pentagon report but published classified memoranda verbatim. On the other hand, the *Times* felt it had no choice in terms of the national interest. Should the federal government's accusation ultimately stand, there is no telling what might happen to the First Amendment and the basic principles of press freedom. No President before Nixon has, even through amanuenses, taken a major newspaper to court to prevent publication of a major story, though Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt were sorely tried at times and perhaps even tempted to let unfriendly newspapers have it right between the eyes.

What makes this case a classic, then, is that it is in fact neither black nor white; there is a good deal to be said on both sides, legally, ethically, and professionally. While it is true that the news media, including radio and television, must act responsibly when the national interest is involved, since a free press would vanish if democracy failed, it is equally true that when something desperately needs public airing, such as exposure of the highest echelons of government, there is simply no vehicle other than the press to bring it all to light and correction.

Longtime diplomat Averell Harriman once said: "If governments can't have private papers kept in confidence, I don't know how you can do business in government." Such an observation is valid when negotiations are in progress between countries and ideologies. But the publication of significant documents years later does not violate Mr. Harriman's premise, and, as the *Times* itself said editorially of its own now historic court case, it surely represents a milestone in the endless struggle of free men and free institutions against the unwarranted exercise of government authority. That's what being a newspaperman is all about. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Hopefully, This Is the End of It

REFERRING TO Will C. Jumper's admonishing of Herbert Maneloveg [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, *SR*, June 12] for the barbarous misuse of the adverb "hopefully"—a contemporary curse of the language—this writer said the same thing, but more lyrically, in a newsletter of a Philadelphia advertising/PR agency, C. C. R. Hood & Company, Inc., two years ago. In that issue of *Ad Libbing* was the following couplet under a standing head reserved for comments on solecisms frequently committed by members of a trade that should have some respect for the mother tongue, like a careful writer should.

Come into My Jargon, Maud
It's hopeless, yet I try to cope most copefully
With writers who misuse the adverb "hopefully."

I am still out for the newspaper slobs who think that the Greek word *kudos* is a plural noun. They are generally illiterate sportswriters—or is that a tautology?

HOWARD CUSHMAN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I WAS GLAD to see from Professor Jumper's letter that I am not alone in my anti-*hopefully* fight. I think, however, that criticizing the misuse of the word on logical grounds alone merely scratches the surface of the "hopefully" disease. There is, it seems to me, a dangerous psychological symptom behind its popularity. We hear statements such as the following every night on our local newscasts: "Hopefully, funds will become available so that we can implement this innovative program in the near future." Doesn't "hopefully" introduce the big cop-out? If the speaker had said, "We hope," the implication would be that *we* would have to get out there and work for the money. But by allowing ourselves the luxury of waiting hopefully for manna to drop from heaven (for surely "funds" have nothing to do with the money in our pockets), we excuse ourselves from all exertions. There is no need to participate while we wait.

GINA DESSART HILDRETH,
English Department,
University of Arizona,
Tucson, Ariz.

THREE CHEERS for Professor Jumper. At least he isn't alone, though the cause is almost certainly lost.

Now let's hear from him on the subject of "momentarily," so often used in a way that causes the imagination to boggle ("the dam is expected to break momentarily"). I also grieve over what has happened to "decimate," though no less an authority than *The New York Times* has assured me I am wrong in thinking it can only mean "to destroy every tenth man." As for "due to" for "owing to," I have given up on that since Queen Elizabeth used it in her recent speech opening the Canadian Parliament. Alas, it's the Queen's English now.

NORMA JACOB,
Syracuse, N.Y.

I'D LIKE TO SECOND Professor Jumper. . . . It is depressing as well as infuriating to hear the illiteracies that keep becoming part of our already mangled language, and I am grateful to anyone who helps discourage them.

It would be a boon to civilization if a loud gong could be sounded every time someone on radio or TV misuses "hopefully," or repeats the tic phrase "you know," or supplants clear language with a sloppy "that" (as in "not all that great" instead of "not very great," "not great," or "not as great as . . .") whatever the reference should have been. As for editors of print media who abet poor usage, no punishment is too dire. I've even had a manuscript of my own altered from "there is a dearth of available land" to "there just isn't that much land available." Had it not been for that word "that," the magazine's readers would not have had ignorance encouraged . . . and I would still be speaking to the editor!

Perhaps the time is near when we should choose between Babel and Esperanto, Esperanto meaning "one who hopes." (Babel isn't all that great.)

PATRICIA LINDEN,
Boston, Mass.

Intelligence from the Smithsonian

I READ WITH INTEREST John Tebbel's article "The Eyes and Ears of the World" [*SR*, June 12]. The American newsreel is perhaps the least acknowledged of the several communications media of the twentieth century. In its heyday it was considered the illegitimate child of the motion picture industry. It was spurned by other news reporting agencies.

The newsreel was largely a side show and a diverting entertainment. It was based on the very American proposition that news should be good. The newsreel industry always did its best to show what it considered to be "good news." The result was a carnival flavor (Mr. Tebbel mentions Lew Lehr and his "Monkeys is the kwaziest people") and a kind of refreshing naïveté.

Americans have long wanted to "get all the news," but they have also wanted to maintain some solace from the world of reality. The newsreel frequently provided both.

The Smithsonian Institution is establishing a "Hall of News Reporting" in which a variety of newsreels will be screened for visitors. It is hoped that the few minutes in the newsreel theater will offer a diverting interlude in a time otherwise filled with bad news.

LOUIS F. GORR,
Historian, Office of the Director,
National Museum of History
and Technology,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C.

Galloping Geography

SR seems to have a problem with the Washington fogs. The first time we met, Mt. Rainier was being moved to Spokane or Montana or somewhere. And now John Tebbel, in his recent article "The Eyes and Ears of the World," has "Galloping Gertie," the first Tacoma Narrows Bridge, wandering about the state in search of a river to thunder into. The Tacoma Narrows is an arm of Puget Sound—salty, fairly clear and fast, but not, mind you, a river. Surely the Pathé newsreels did better than that.

DAVID CALHOUN,
Seattle, Wash.

"DAD! Oh, I'm sorry, Sir. I thought you were my father. You all look alike, you know!"

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ARE ILLUSTRATORS OBSOLETE?

by STUART W. LITTLE

In the last two decades the illustrator has watched a world of rapidly changing perspective. The stock images of the past—the white picket fence, the trim, flower-bordered town square, the old swimming hole—have long since vanished with the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, giving way to the kind of apocalyptic symbolism that took over the June exhibition at the Society of Illustrators in New York.

The society's annual scholastic competition was loaded in favor of the modern mood of environmental alarm. The contestants were asked to base their work on R. Buckminster Fuller's statement, "We are all astronauts, for we live aboard a very little spaceship, illogically called 'earth'. . . ." Since illustration is no longer restricted to line drawings or paintings, one of the entries was a tall, three-dimensional sculptured hourglass whose substitute grains of sand were little plastic cubes containing thumbnail-size pink baby dolls. The chilling point was this: The top half of the hour-glass, frozen in time, had fewer plastic babies than the bottom half.

To gauge what has happenend in illustration, all within a working generation of painters, one should lay this image alongside the scrapbook Stevan Dohanos keeps on a table in his hillside studio in Westport, Connecticut, containing the 125 covers he painted for the *Saturday Evening Post* in the gentler era of careful realism. Here, through the open doors of the white-painted Congregational church, is the choir glimpsed at practice. Here, a group of dejected neighborhood dogs watch the morning school bus depart. Here, a Dalmatian with a litter of pups in the firehouse, in one of Dohanos's most famous covers, wistfully regards the engine pulling out on a call. Here, a little girl warily clutches the whole family's ice cream cones on her way back to the car. Here, in the very first *Post* cover Dohanos painted, in wartime 1943, the park department carpenter in overalls fixes a new name plaque in place on the four-sided town honor roll. Compare this treatment of death with the hourglass filled with plastic babies.

Norman Rockwell cover, 1924.

Illustrators always have been concerned with America's self-image—Frederic Remington with the rough-and-ready adventurism of the frontier, Charles Dana Gibson with the suave social elegance of the town, Norman Rockwell with our homey simplicity. The quarter century Dohanos worked as a *Post* cover artist, along with Rockwell, John Falter, Mead Schaeffer, John Clymer, and George Hughes, was one of the great periods of American illustration. Within their working lifetime the big change has come. At no other period in the history of illustration have styles changed so convulsively, leaving the old guard emotionally back in the town square, professionally not yet out of their prime, still productive—as Dohanos and so many of his colleagues are—but with no more *Post* adventure serials to illustrate and most of the covers lost to photography. One can shed a painted tear for what is gone.

Color photography was the first great agent of change, and then television. The magazines have always determined the fate of the illustrators. When the art directors were faced with a choice of using photography or art, the illustrator began to lose out. Walt Reed, historian of the illustrator, points out that when television came magazines ceased to be the primary

—© *Cosmopolitan, 1936*

A Bradshaw Crandell pastel—"The cover was an editorial effort, standing by itself, making its point without benefit of text."

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—© 1942 by The Curtis Publishing Co. —© 1944 by The Curtis Publishing Co.

Covers by Mead Schaeffer (left) and Stevan Dohanos—"One can shed a painted tear for what is gone."

escapist vehicle. Money that went into television was money withdrawn from magazines, and the market for illustration shrank. Big buyers dropped by the wayside—*Collier's, Woman's Home Companion*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, which in its final years already had abandoned its cover policy. *Cosmopolitan*, which almost went under until Helen Gurley Brown injected new (sex) life into the magazine, reduced its budget of fiction from ten pieces to one. *Life* has contracted considerably from its former position as a major art consumer handing out assignments such as its American Folklore series that could occupy an artist for as much as one to four years, with fold-outs and covers and full-color pages.

New art directors have forsaken the naturalistic manner. Wade Nichols, editor of *Good Housekeeping*, for some years has observed the trend "toward less subjectivity in illustration, less realism, less dependence on the situational treatment of a story." The younger art directors have brought on contemporaries schooled in new styles and have ignored the older illustrators. The camera came into it more and more. A consummate illustrator such as Fred Freeman, a pictorial historian of the U.S. Navy, kept ahead of photography by going underwater and into space. Even there the computer has pre-empted the trained and experienced artist by making better drawings of missiles in orbit than human hand can render. In a fraction of the time it would take a trained painter, Freeman says, the computer can accurately trace the rotational somersaults of a moving missile revolving on its horizontal axis and simultaneously on its vertical axis, end over end.

Stevan Dohanos remembers the decade from 1940 to 1950 as being "the boom, busy years" when all the "slicks" were using illustration heavily, when the leading illustrators were known by all the magazine editors, and when each magazine had almost a yearly quota of work for its regulars, many of whom were making probably $50,000 a year or more. Coby Whitmore was specializing in smart women in love and racing cars. Al Parker was the dean of the women's fiction school of illustration. Jon Whitcomb was manufacturing beautiful faces in closeup. Austin Briggs, one of the best draftsmen, was to do his famous campaign of Madison Avenue types for *TV Guide*. Joe DeMers was painting elegant compositions highlighting the fashion-conscious woman. Joseph Bowler was sketching young actresses making up in the bulb-lined dressing room mirror. Tom Lovell was painting action scenes across a broad canvas.

One cover, however, would bring an artist more recognition than any number of inside illustrations. The cover was an editorial effort, standing by itself, making its point without benefit of caption or accompanying text. Bradshaw Crandell was doing the covers for *Cosmopolitan*, George Giusti for *Holiday*, Alex Ross for *Good Housekeeping*. Inevitably the *Post* was the No. 1 showcase. Readers used to wait expectantly each week to see what the *Post* cover would be. The *Post* rates were not the highest, except for Rockwell, who did his first *Post* cover in 1916. While *Woman's Day* was paying a flat fee of $1,500 per illustration, the *Post* was paying $1,000. For the seasoned professional, the *Post* cover would be worth from $2,000 to $3,000; for Rockwell, possibly $7,500. Today's rates in the big magazines are not really improved much over the old. At *McCall's* and others, a single page will bring about $800 and two pages up to $2,500, depending on the amount of work involved and the name of the artist.

Dohanos's first big break on the *Post* came when he was asked to illustrate an eight-part serial by Nordhoff and Hall set in Tahiti. After 1943 he concentrated on covers, submitting his ideas in the form of sketches and maintaining an acceptance ratio of one idea in five. New England was the breeding ground for his covers, most of them from in and around Westport. They depicted family life and community life with an authenticity of detail that reached into the furthest corners of the canvas. For the precise pictorial feel of that time one can confidently refer to the Dohanos scrapbook—even for such esoteric facts as the varieties of sweets that appeared in a pre-World War II candy store counter, the pins

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and buttons a small boy would collect, and the insignia that would appear on the printed souvenir scarf around his neck. Dohanos was careful to put them all in. His covers stand up, and a collection of them, even at this short distance of time, would have unique historical value.

Like his paintings, his attractive Westport studio, its huge north window looking out on delicate pines, is crammed with Americana, including a mock-up of the fire plug that appeared in so many of his covers, stuffed owls, a lit barber's pole, a cast-iron potbellied stove with an elbow flu joined to its chimney, and a built-in post office the size of a telephone booth through whose window grill one can see letters propped in their pigeonholes. The miniature station reminds Dohanos of his responsibilities as a consultant to the U.S. Post Office on the design of commemorative stamps.

Dohanos acts as his own agent, but most artists, being rather shy types tied to their drawing boards, prefer representation. In the Depression years 1938-1939 an artists' representative often commanded 60 per cent of the fee, but studio space and work materials were included. The more usual agent percentage is 25 per cent. Since the Society of Illustrators was formed by Charles Dana Gibson and a group of artists in 1901, various attempts have been made to protect against various abuses such as art directors combining parts of drawings by different artists or buying a picture at house organ rates and using it in an advertisement. Today, a joint ethics committee has the support and participation of the artists, the agents, and the art directors. To a serious professional nothing is so pernicious as the art contest, and the Famous Artists School in Westport has earned the opprobrium of some illustrators because of its dubious sponsorship of such contests, in effect turning work over to students in a declining market.

Illustration has moved further in the last couple of decades than in all its earlier history when there were no major innovators or movements, only individual variations in style and technique. The demythologizing of America has knocked the underpinning away from the old romantic realism of a generation of artists. The country store has lost its charm and the old swimming hole is polluted. The graphics explosion set off in part by the startling visual imagery of television has produced radical change. The new illustration stylistically is a mind-blowing mix of high colors and random materials. It makes use of collage, montage, poster technique, assemblage. Anything goes in the way of materials —spray cans, dayglo colors, wood blocks, acrylics. It has dipped deeply into the sinuousness of *art nouveau* to produce posters as in the work of Peter Max and turned advertising images inside out to produce art as in the work of Andy Warhol.

The new permissiveness has infiltrated illustration. The restlessness and ingenuity found in the new illustration derive from the fragmentation of modern art. The rapidity of images moving across the screen has destroyed the placid landscape. The beat of rock music has disturbed the smooth perspective. Vietnam has shattered the myth about the goodness of American life depicted in the old cover art. We are living in a new graphics culture that exactly mirrors the unsettled time.

Illustrators and art directors are turning to fine painting for inspiration and for the solution to their problems. Alvin Grossman, art director of *McCall's*, might find in the primitiveness of Rousseau, or Dutch genre painting, or Utrillo the answers to problems of illustration. "The fine artists were the illustrators of their day, and they had more bite," he says. Grossman believes that the single painter who has most influenced modern illustration is the Belgian René Magritte (1898-1967), a surrealist, or magic realist, who injected surprise elements and dream symbols into quite ordinary-looking settings, painting sectionalized women's torsos, disappearing men at café tables in four panels, and macabre murder scenes with waxen store dummies in derby hats looking on.

The acknowledged master of modern illustration is Milton Glaser, the most versatile, the most innovative, and the most influential in the field. Glaser's Push Pin Studios, whose main showcase is *New York Magazine*, has produced some of the most original of the modern illustrators, including his partner Seymour Chwast, with his papier-mâché-like figures and game board pictures, and Isadore Seltzer. These new illustrators are sensitive to the modern discoveries in painting and quick to reflect them in their work.

Between the new and the old illustrators, Bernard Fuchs and Robert Peak are transitional figures, and Harvey Schmidt today would probably be in this company also had he not gone over to composing after *The Fantasticks*. Fuchs has broken new ground with an impressionistic and economical style showing Kennedy glimpsed through a lit window of the White House and new perspectives on sports contests. Peak has used illustrative collage and painted huge impressionistic pro football lines in electric blue for *Sports Illustrated*. The venturesome Franklin McMahon carves out his own assignments and sends himself around the world, always selling his speculative projects in the top market.

Turning over illustration to a new generation is the best thing that could have happened to the older illustrator, according to one of their number, be-

Milton Glaser illustration for "Sports Illustrated"—"leaving the old guard back in the town square."

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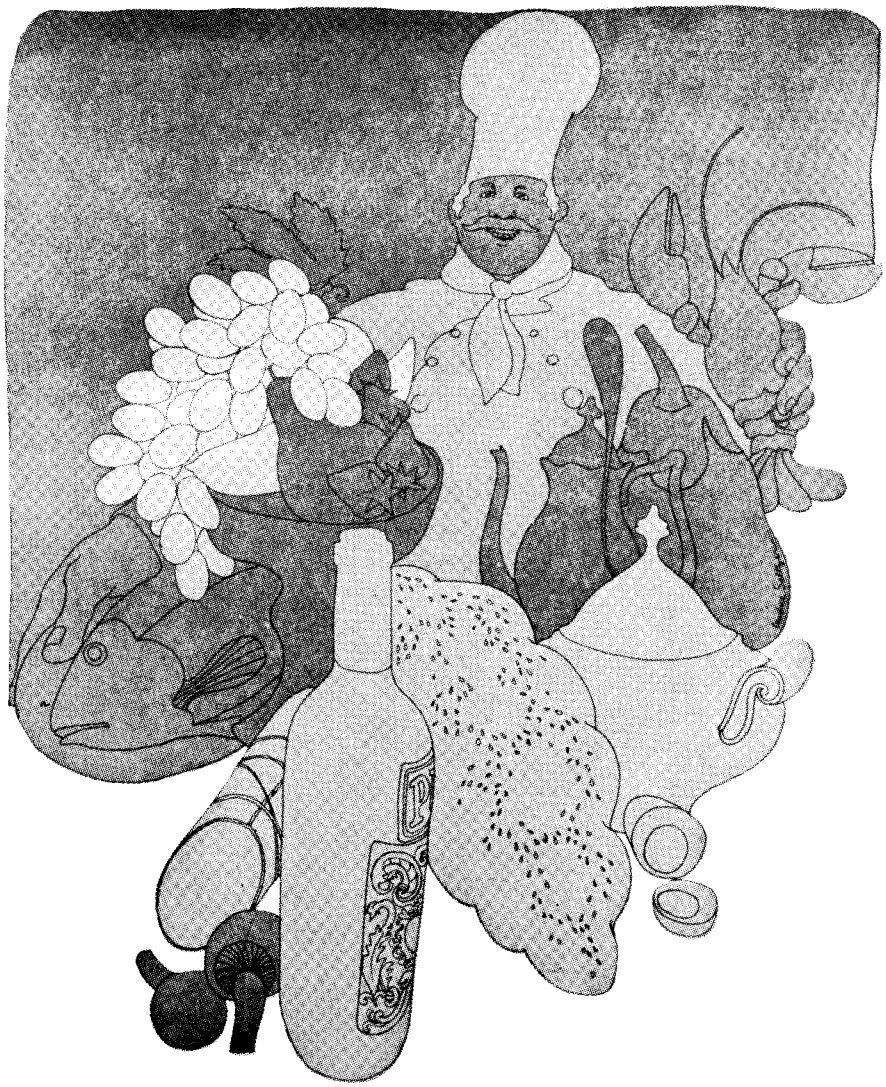
cause it has forced him to turn to fine art. Some have gone into the textbook field, rich in illustrative possibilities, or opened galleries, but many, late in their careers, have embraced what they always wanted: free expression as artists without layout restrictions or art directors looking over their shoulders.

Alex Ross is a case in point. Ross came to New York in 1939 on the strength of a drawing of the first atom smasher, reproduced by *Life*, and got his first break when *Good Housekeeping*, then edited by Herbert R. Mayes, picked him as its cover artist. He was to paint 120 covers of children, sometimes using his own daughters as models. The notoriety of being a top cover artist catapulted him into high-grade work for the other magazines. The *Good Housekeeping* cover, Ross's bread and butter, was worth $2,000 to $2,500. He set some of the highest prices in the field, one year, by his reckoning, turning down $100,000 worth of commercial work he couldn't get to. Ross had the *Good Housekeeping* cover from 1942 to 1954. Then it stopped. Illustration each year since has seemed a less attractive prospect. Finally, around 1963, he decided to turn full-time to serious painting. Five years ago Ross moved from a large place in Wilton, Connecticut, to a modern split-level of his own design in Ridgefield on the steep edge of an 850-foot hill at the extreme western edge of the state looking across a valley into New York, with a few farms and white houses lying on the far hillside, as in a John Clymer landscape.

Working in the large studio at the north end of his house, Ross today paints large, very light canvases that attempt to marry the realistic with the abstract, and works toward another possible breakthrough in his career. The output bears little resemblance to the embracing high-fashion couples that decorate the wall of a small study at the front of the house that he lightly calls "the clutch room."

Two of the most promising new markets for the illustrator might appear to be record covers and paperback covers, but even here the older illustrator is apt to be closed out. The paperback art market is a crowded field and the best price for the work is around $500. Record covers require an inventiveness and venturesomeness the older illustrators are not likely to supply, and much of this sophisticated art is being found by inventive art directors quite literally "in the street." The base price for a record cover is around $300, but they can go considerably higher, into the thousands.

Those who expressed the strongest point of view in illustration may have the hardest time changing. Dohanos, for one, is reconciled to being a pic-



(Above) Isadore Seltzer drawing for an advertisement—"sensitive to the modern discoveries in painting and quick to reflect them."

President Kennedy by Bernard Fuchs—"breaking new ground with an impressionistic style."

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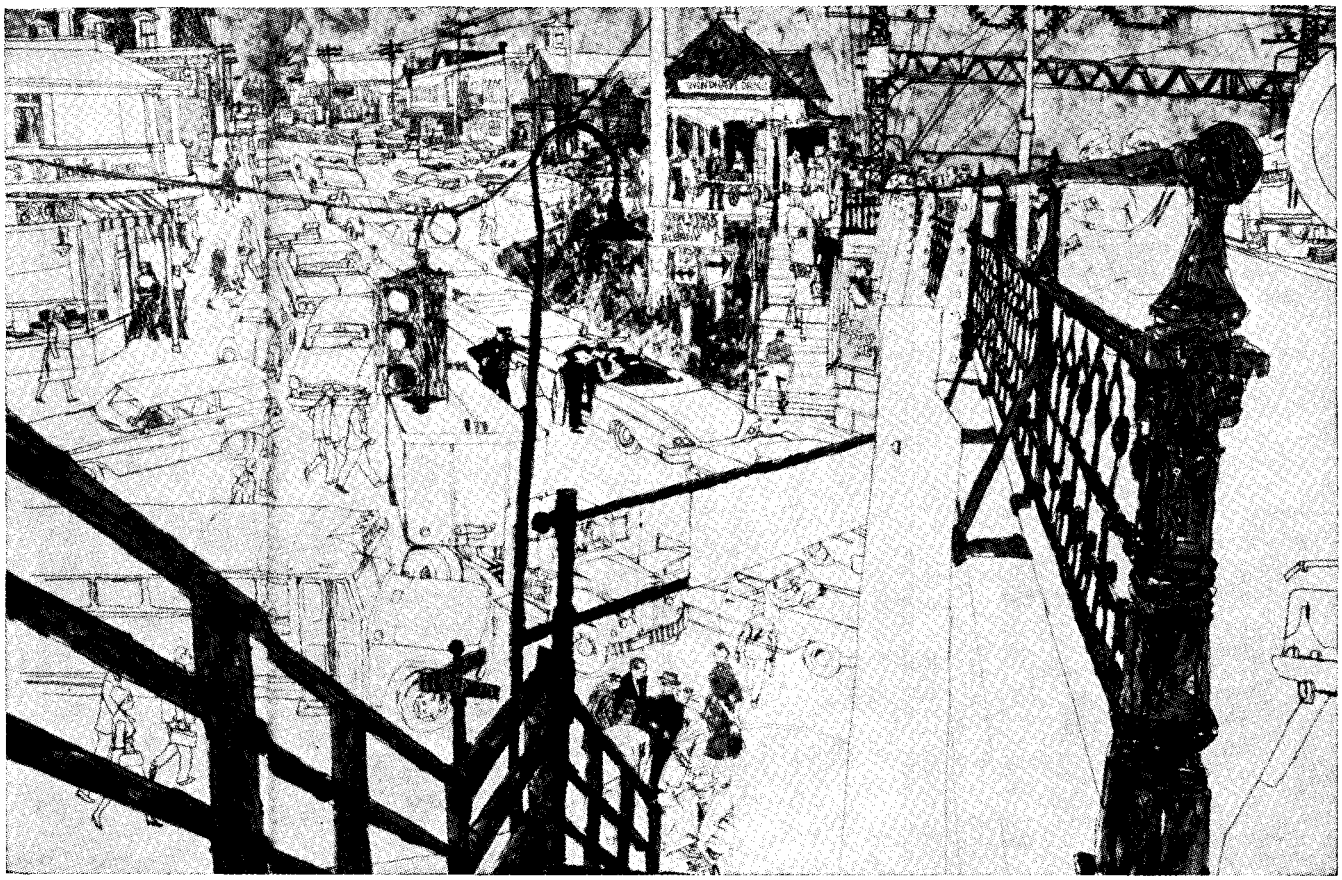

Robert Peak drawing for "McCall's"—"The country store has lost its charm and the old swimming hole is polluted."

ture-maker, not a figure-maker. He is busier than ever on commemorative stamps, calendars, and such projects as his handsome series on American hand-crafted objects. Jon Whitcomb is doing glamorous portraiture in Darien. Al Parker now lives in Carmel, California, and comes to New York perhaps twice a year for his work for corporations and airlines. Austin Briggs is living in Paris all but retired from commercial art. Coby Whitmore and Joe DeMers have moved to Sea Island, Georgia, one to paint, the other to open an art gallery. Joe Bowler is concentrating on portraits. Tom Lovell is working mostly for the *National Geographic*, and John Falter primarily for the *Reader's Digest*.

The sort of illustration these artists excel at survives mainly in the reconstruction of events such as trials and in fashion. As for the rest, a top artists' representative such as Tom Holloway, who handles Fuchs and Mark English, concedes that today's market is hard to nail down. More artists may be engaged than ever before and in a greater variety of ways, but since the cover disappeared it is harder for them to establish an identity with the public. Dohanos believes *art nouveau* may eventually stifle itself from overuse. Milton Glaser has been imitated so widely he would probably appreciate a respite from that form of flattery. Wade Nichols feels that the new illustration has hurt readership because the artist has interposed his interpretation between the writer and the reader, and for some time now *Good Housekeeping* has been steering illustration into old lines, depicting more literally what the writer is trying to say. Alvin Grossman at *McCall's* feels the pendulum could swing back, especially in photography, and he has already ordered photographs of what he calls Rockwell situations—simple, recognizable, believable, human.

It may be significant that illustration, especially Norman Rockwell's, has been riding the wave of nostalgia that is sweeping through our secondary culture, bringing the reissue of old Broadway musicals, 1930s records, vintage comic strips, and once-discarded fashions. The coin of the older illustrator is no longer currency, but some of the pieces have already become numismatic items. James Montgomery Flagg's famous "I Want You!" poster of Uncle Sam has come back with a change of emphasis. The collected Rockwell works contained in *Norman Rockwell, Artist and Illustrator*, issued last September by Harry N. Abrams, was a sellout in its first two months, grossing $2.5-million at the initial offering price of $45. At $60 a copy, total sales in 1971 are expected to reach $8-million, and a signed leatherbound edition of 1,000, carrying a price tag of $600, is soon coming out. Framed Rockwell reproductions in limited editions are on sale for $29.95 apiece in the window at Brentano's on Fifth Avenue, and his originals at auction command prices in five figures. Rockwell already is the Old Master of illustration. He told Abrams his book had given him a second fame. The old *Liberty* magazine has been reprinted, and a new *Saturday Evening Post*—reverting firmly to the old format, with Rockwell on the cover entertaining a visiting newsboy and again in an inside piece at his easel in his Stockbridge, Massachusetts, studio—is back on the newsstands. Rockwell still is painting every day, as are Dohanos and Falter and many famous names. Today the illustrator meets himself coming and going.

No, illustration is not dying out. Dohanos is happily at work in his pleasant Westport studio in a setting he or Falter might have painted. Dohanos says, "I foresee the day when they will send a scientist, a poet, and an artist on a space shot. There are various ways to interpret an event, and the artist has his way. Before long there'll be an artist setting up his tripod and easel on the moon."

Without a moment's hesitation, Dohanos added, "I predict the artist they choose will be Norman Rockwell."

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EVERYTHING CHANGES—EVEN THE NEWSROOM

by M. L. STEIN

As American institutions go, the daily newspaper has never been in the forefront of change, especially on the editorial side. The old adage that "news is what the editor says it is" is as much fact as legend on many papers. The young reporter who rebels against the system is quickly brought to his senses when he is told by a desk man to cover the story *his* way. After all, what was good enough for the editor and his editor before him is certainly good enough for some smart punk just out of journalism school.

But the young journalism graduate need not despair entirely. The newspaper business is changing in a quiet, evolutionary way that is profoundly affecting editors, reporters, and readers. Old-time habits are by no means being swept away completely, but it's clear from a survey of twenty-eight large and medium-sized dailies around the country that *Front Page* attitudes toward news coverage are giving way to new and exciting concepts in metropolitan areas. The changes are taking the form of team or task-force reporting, the elimination or restructuring of traditional beats, the playing down of crime news, more news emphasis on social change, a concern with the environment, the creation of new specialists, and a re-evaluation of the kind of information readers are willing to absorb.

The shifts appear to be part of a process that began in the second half of the 1960s in the wake of racial and campus revolution, dramatic shifts in American life-styles, the awareness of pollution, the Vietnam War, urban decay, and other issues. Unquestionably, too, the nation's fascination with television news has influenced the newspapers' new direction.

Whatever the reasons, a number of newspapers are undergoing editorial restyling, and it's beginning to show. Joseph M. Ungaro, managing editor of the Providence *Evening Bulletin*, recently said, "Our City Hall reporter today is an urban affairs specialist, essentially because his area of news is no longer just City Hall. There are many agencies dealing with the same problems or aspects of the same problems, such as anti-poverty and Model Cities agencies."

The *Bulletin* and its afternoon sister, the Providence *Journal*, have developed an urban affairs team of four reporters to cover various aspects of city life. Ungaro explained that specialists enable the papers to relate national and state problems to local issues. "It isn't enough anymore," he continued, "to run stories about a national welfare proposal or law. The reader wants to know what it is going to mean in his community. The reporter not only must be a specialist in his field and be able to cover local aspects but must understand national developments."

The Milwaukee *Journal* also has swung toward urban affairs specialization in covering neighborhood organizations, Model Cities, civil rights, environment, and education. Managing Editor Joseph W. Shoquist said the reporter specialists are still responsible to the city editor, but added: "I believe we are coming to recognize that a city or metropolitan editor is not really capable of directing the work of many specialists in many different areas as well as the specialists themselves are. . . . The trend is toward separate desk organizations under the overall direction of the city or metropolitan editor."

The New York *Daily News*, the nation's leader in circulation, reported a "drastic" cut in police coverage and a sharper focus on urban affairs stories. Metropolitan Editor John Smee said that only the Manhattan and Brooklyn police beats are manned anymore as part of a policy to send highly qualified reporters "where the news is being generated.

"We're putting a lot of stress on housing, hospitals, welfare, and other city problems," he related. "In the past, we took these matters too much for granted by making them general assignments. But we're living in an adversary age. People are polarized and angry. They cannot be depended upon to give reporters unbiased accounts. Therefore, we no longer feel that the general assignment reporter is equipped to handle certain situations. We depend instead on urban experts armed with information that enables them to see through the partisanship and shouting."

In Jersey City, the *Jersey Journal* maintains police and court beats but has wiped out its city district beats as "wasteful." "We're relying on reporting teams working out of the office," said Editor August Lockwood. "We found that beat men were ignoring news they didn't like and were usually hard to reach when we needed them."

On the Newark *Star-Ledger*, a special projects unit of five reporters, all experts on various subjects, work beyond the clutches of the city editor. They report to the managing editor or to the editor, Morton Pye, who credits them with turning out a number of solidly researched, in-depth pieces on such topics as state pension plans, auto insurance, and medical care.

"Quite often," Pye said, "one story will lead to another of equal importance or more so." A recent long article on auto insurance, for example, led the writer to explore other kinds of insurance policies and what was wrong with them.

The *Star-Ledger* has eliminated the police beat, according to Pye. Police news is handled by telephone out of the city room, with reporters being sent out only on major stories.

"We found the police beat in Newark and in the suburbs to be a wasteful process," Pye declared. "To justify their existence, the police reporters were coming up with an enormous amount of trivia that was driving the desk crazy. By having these reporters work out of the office, we are getting stronger police and municipal coverage."

Less emphasis on crime news was similarly reported by the Chicago *Tribune*. "Many routine police stories are now ignored," said City Editor David E. Halvorsen. He added that the *Tribune* is preparing to make a "thorough re-examination of our beat system, because some of the techniques used in beat reporting are clearly outmoded. There is a certain amount of inefficiency that must be eliminated."

Halvorsen pointed out, however, that in such a highly competitive city as Chicago, particular beats—notably City Hall, central police, and the State Building—will continue to be staffed in the foreseeable future.

Editors of other newspapers, including the Boston *Globe*, the Oklahoma City *Journal*, the Denver *Post*, and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, likewise said they had no present plans to abandon such old-line beats as police and City Hall. They cited the need for protecting the paper against competition and the advantage of the best reporter's close association with his sources. "If an official is dealing with a reporter he

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knows intimately, he is much more apt to be freer with his information since he trusts the reporter," explained Al Monahan, political writer and former city editor of the *Globe*.

Managing Editor John Clabes of the Oklahoma City *Journal*, although clinging to the traditional beats, remarked: "I do think we carry a great deal of trivia, gathered by beat reporters, that somehow must be eliminated in some future time—marriage licenses, divorces, births. I am also convinced that readers will be a long time in giving up these things."

But this does not mean that the beat situation in these cities is static. On the contrary, almost all of the respondents reported that their beats had been revised, expanded, and multiplied to meet societal changes. Long Island's *Newsday* has changed the name of its court beat to the "justice beat" to reflect the much wider scope of that operation. It now includes not only the courts but the jail system, bail bonding, probation, and other factors in the criminal and civil courts process. One of the first major results of the switch was an outstanding, team-written series of articles on how the wheels of justice turn—and clog—in Nassau County. "More and more we are beginning to believe that the breaking news story, the staple for so many years, is not our true function anymore," said Assistant Publisher Stanley Asimov.

Beat expansion or reorganization has taken place on *The New York Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, the Denver *Post*, the Lincoln *Evening Journal*, the *Nebraska State Journal*, and other dailies. George W. Healy, Jr., editor of the *Times-Picayune*, replied to a query:

"You ask if our newspaper has made any changes in its beat structure. Show me a newspaper that hasn't and that doesn't change its assignment of staff members to meet changing conditions and I'll show you a newspaper that is on its way to joining the New York *Herald Tribune, World-Telegram, Collier's*, the *American Weekly*, and other late publications ad infinitum."

The *Times-Picayune* and other newspapers have added men to existing beats and have created such new ones as consumer affairs, natural resources, media, transportation, urban renewal, and space technology. *The New York Times* has initiated neighborhood, health and hospitals, and organized crime beats. Metropolitan Editor Arthur Gelb said the *Times* no longer looks at the city alone but at a three-state area (New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut) in its specialized news coverage. "Such matters as transportation and pollution cannot be confined to one city in a region," he stated.

In several cases, editors use the terms "reporter-experts" or subject specialists" rather than beat men. Most of these reporters continue to be responsible for day-to-day coverage on their beats, but they are, in addition, expected to take a broader view of what is happening in their fields and to write about it with considerable perspective. Frequently, they combine their talents and knowledge with those of other experts for a magazine-type series of articles on significant issues. The Chicago *Tribune* recently formed a task force of four reporters to work together on the "major issues of our time."

"We decided on such an approach," said City Editor Halvorsen, "because of the increasing complexities of news coverage, particularly in the administration of government, urban affairs, civil rights, and social needs. One or two reporters working on such subjects seem to require a great length of time to complete the assignments and could never cover all aspects, such as is the capability of a special unit."

The task force produced a series of stories revealing shocking conditions in Chicago area nursing homes and is now working on another series. The Lincoln *Evening Journal* has given up running lists of church services and instead has its religion editor cover phenomena and trends in religion. A recent series dealt with charismatic movements. Said News Editor Gilbert M. Savery: "Our paper modified its beat structure because the complexities of modern life and government demand special attention and concentrated effort on the part of a specialist."

In keeping with special coverage, the Minneapolis *Star* recently did a penetrating story on what modular scheduling in schools is all about. The Atlanta *Constitution* featured a solid series on Model Cities.

The New York Times, which has the manpower to support its news philosophy, has bombarded readers with in-depth pieces on organized crime, the problems of the Vietnam veteran, the complexities and attitude of suburban America, a profile of VISTA workers, and the grievances of black GIs in American Army units in Europe. *Newsday* put together a harrowing yet fascinating account of the life and death of a young heroin addict from an upper-middle-class family, digging up friends from his grade school and high school days and tracing almost every step that led to the tragedy.

The special-project story seems to be catching on. Most of eighteen city editors who met earlier this year in Phoenix expressed enthusiasm for the idea of using specialists and teamwork in place of the standard beat arrangement. Editors employing the team concept asserted that it provided greater flexibility in assigning reporters and increased their motivation to the extent that they worked harder and more imaginatively.

One of the conferees, Fred Hartmann, metropolitan editor of the Wilmington (Delaware) *News-Journal*, said recently he has seven teams, of about three reporters each, covering public affairs, social services, science-health, courts-justice, and education. He added that the teams, each with its leader, absorb about one-fourth of his sixty-man staff and that a team reporter can be pulled away when needed to cover a major breaking story.

Under the new arrangement, Hartmann went on, there is improved communication between the reporter and the desk, more story ideas are stimulated from the entire staff, and the re-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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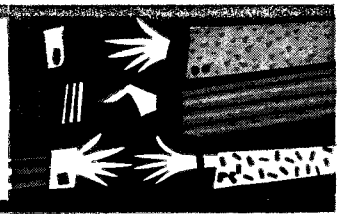
Public Relations



The Opening Door

The door to public relations jobs has not opened easily for women. As in other fields that once were considered male preserves, women have not been welcomed with open arms. Often they have had to prove themselves over and over again before being allowed to do work for which they are qualified. But in the past several years there has been a steady improvement in opportunities for women on the professional level, although there are still far too many barriers. These are due basically to the belief on the part of some corporate executives that a woman's place is on the secretarial and clerical level in the public relations department of a corporation.

Under the umbrella of public relations there is a need for all sorts of skills. In writing, editing, research, and publicity, women have proved themselves and are being employed. It is largely into the area of policy jobs that women are still denied entry, although there have been some marked exceptions even here. But definitive answers on how well women are represented in public relations work are hard to obtain, for there is a lack of solid and complete statistical data.

Yet, there are sources of information that can be helpful for a proper assessment of how women are employed in the public relations field. One is membership in the national professional body, the Public Relations Society of America. There are now 717 women in PRSA, some 10 per cent of its membership. The largest number, 302, work for agencies. Non-profit, nongovernmental organizations are next with 244. One hundred and twenty-four work for corporations, thirty-six are in government, and eleven list themselves as being in cosmetics and fashion. But this is by no means the whole story since membership in PRSA does not begin to cover those who work in the field. More professionals are outside the society than in it.

A little more than two years ago, the research committee of the New York chapter of PRSA reported on a study of public relations personnel in New York City and came up with some interesting figures. Twenty per cent of practitioners, the report found, were women; 19 per cent were female executives working in agencies, public relations departments of advertising agencies, corporate public relations, and in non-governmental and government public relations departments. But when the size of the working unit was taken into account, there was a sharp change. Only 6 per cent of the executives were women in working units containing four or more professionals.

There are many successful agencies owned and run by women. Virtually all of the big agencies employ women practitioners, but they are largely concentrated in the "women's activities" field. Hospitals and other non-profit organizations and the publicity departments of book publishing houses use women extensively. Travel, food, textile, retailing, cosmetics, fashion, and home furnishing companies also employ women widely. Many other industries—aerospace, automotive, large commercial banks, electrical manufacturers, data processing, public utilities, iron and steel, and of course the oil business—have a few women tucked away in product publicity or research, but they represent little more than token hiring even though they certainly earn their way.

A rule of thumb that might well be used is that the larger the company, the fewer the women hired as public relations practitioners. If ramparts ever needed storming by women anxious for equal opportunity, they surround the major blue chip corporations in this country. The record in this area is dismal. It is sad that the policy positions women hold are largely in the non-governmental, non-profit field.

There are, however, some companies that do give women major responsibilities. One mark of management's acceptance of the importance of public relations is that the head of that department is given the title of vice president. Two small savings banks in New York have vice presidents in charge of public relations who are women, and there are probably a few more throughout the country, but they are most certainly not usual. Outside of retailing, big companies just do not allow women a chance at the top public relations jobs.

There are bound to be exceptions, and it is worth taking a closer look at one of them: Rockefeller Center, Inc. It is the largest privately owned business and entertainment center in the world, with twenty-one buildings on twenty-five acres of land right in the heart of Manhattan. Caroline Hood is vice president in charge of public relations and advertising. She is not a token. She not only is the active, responsible head but is considered by all who know her work and by her peers in corporate public relations as a first-rate practitioner. She is easily the top woman corporate public relations director in the country.

How did she get there? In 1934 Miss Hood began in Rockefeller Center's public relations department working in sales and promotion. In 1937 she developed a slide lecture and took the

"Enough already, David. If you told me once you told me a thousand times how you slew Goliath!"

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Center's story around the country. In 1942 she was named assistant director of the public relations department and two years later became its director, succeeding a man, Merle Crowell, who went to *Reader's Digest*. In 1964 she was appointed vice president.

What does she do? She runs a comprehensive corporate public relations program that includes internal and external communication. Internally, it consists of communicating with employees and tenants through house organs, special employee programs such as corporate scholarships for employees' children, and events to honor twenty- and thirty-year employees as well as dealing with a roster of 1,200 tenants. Externally, the program involves overall press relations, media servicing, speeches, reports, background material, making use of all available tools to tell the corporate story on all levels.

Miss Hood is also responsible for community events — band concerts, choral and orchestral recitals, the now-traditional Christmas tree and holiday programs, flower shows, and the annual Easter events. She also works on new building and construction programs: cornerstone laying and topping-out ceremonies, advertising (both for the Center and cooperative efforts with major new tenants). She works on motion pictures, TV shows, documentaries, and all types of publications. Several hundred mail and phone queries are answered every month by her primary department of eight people—writers, researchers, editors—including two men. Her secondary echelon includes hundreds — protection men, tour guides, doormen, elevator operators, all concerned with maintaining the Center's reputation. Miss Hood's job is an across-the-board one, recognizable by all corporate public relations directors. Who said it couldn't be done by a woman?

The corporate public relations field needs talent. How long can it afford to ignore women who have not only talent but judgment, high skills, and that extra — intuition — so needed to perform well in this area?

How good does a woman have to be? Mrs. Denny Griswold, publisher and editor of *Public Relations News*, the weekly newsletter founded twenty-seven years ago, puts it this way: "A woman must have higher professional ability than a man to get ahead, and she usually works for less money as well."

The door isn't wide open, by any means. Perhaps a foresighted management will yank it open a little further on their own before public opinion forces it.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN

MICROGRAPHICS: A GROWING INDUSTRY

by JOHN TEBBEL

After twenty years of uphill progress, the micrographics business has turned the corner and become perhaps the fastest growing segment of the communications complex. At the National Microfilm Association's convention in Washington last month, 3,000 delegates swarmed through the lobbies, exhibition halls, and conference rooms, while an estimated 12,000 surveyed the equipment displayed by manufacturers ranging from such corporate giants as Eastman Kodak, Xerox, and 3M, down to entrepreneurs whose products are just emerging from the prototype stage. All this was a far cry from the few hundred devoted faithful who gathered for the association's first convention two decades ago.

Micrographics is still a strange word, even to many people in communications. Briefly, it means the reduction of printed pages to film, either in the roll form known as microfilm or the post-card-size form called a microfiche. Microfilm has been with us for some time, as library researchers well know, but microfiche is only now coming into its own, with revolutionary prospects ahead of it. Business is presently the major market for micrographics, but experts in the field predict that in another decade the balance will tip and the home market will overshadow everything else.

Statistics about the size of the industry are difficult to come by, since the figures for some of the largest manufacturers are buried in financial reports covering a company's whole range of products, of which microfilm is only one. For competitive reasons, large companies do not like to break down these figures—nor do the smaller organizations, for that matter—but the best informed industry sources say that the annual dollar volume of the industry is now about $500-million and can be expected to reach $1.25-billion by 1975.

Stock market operators surveying this potential bonanza find themselves paralyzed by frustration. Some makers of micrographics equipment are unquestionably going to have the kind of spectacular rise that has made Xerox a legend on Wall Street, but no one can say with certainty which of the present companies is going to have the overwhelming success they all dream of.

Most of microfilm's successes to date have been in archival document storage. Businesses have been able to replace long rows of filing cabinets with small boxes of film, but, paradoxically, these space-saving successes have slowed up the industry's progress, because businessmen have tended not to think beyond this use of the product. According to a new overview study, "Micropublishing—An Emerging Industry," soon to be published by *Micrographics Weekly*, the industry's lively newsletter, two developments have accounted for the industry's rebirth and dramatic acceleration. One is the introduction of automated retrieval devices. The other is the invention of equipment that combines microfilm's storage capacity with higher computer output speeds.

Loene Trubkin, who produced the overview, writes in the introduction:

> ". . . The bright (and well-publicized) promise of rapid growth has prompted new ventures, staffed by management from non-microfilm backgrounds who bring space-age technology to bear on the century-old material. As a result, the emerging 'micrographic' industry of the 1970s has less and less in common with the archival 'microfilm' industry of the 1950s. This transition from static to active, still ongoing, has created a fragmented conglomerate called the micrographic industry. Its participants range in size, technical resources, and capital reserves from blue-chip giants like Eastman Kodak to garage-born infants whose names as yet are unknown even to the micrographic community. Equipment contrasts are even more extreme: automated retrieval systems with million-document capacity exist alongside shoeboxes containing a hundred manually filed fiche; and cameras that laboriously film 500 documents an hour are as much a part of the industry as the computer output microfilmers that produce 500 pages per minute."

What the visitors to this year's convention saw was equipment reflecting advances in optics and film chemistry, in electronics and computer software, in precision mechanics and retrieval techniques. These are the developments that are currently propelling the micrographic industry.

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A major obstacle to further development is the same one that has plagued the burgeoning videotape industry—a lack of standardization. Here the federal government can be expected to play a role, particularly through the efforts of the Working Group on Micromedia in the Office of Science and Technology. The government's interest is in the promotion of international trade through the acceptance of voluntary standards. Senator Warren G. Magnuson introduced a bill in May (S. 1798), which he titled the International Voluntary Standards Cooperation Act of 1971, designed to foster American participation in international voluntary standardization activities, much of which is carried on by the International Standards Organization. The bill would establish an Interagency Committee on Standards Policy embracing all the departments of the government at Cabinet level, plus such agencies as HUD, GSA, NASA, FCC, AEC, and FTC.

Government, as everyone in the industry recognizes, is the largest potential customer for microfilm in all its forms. Miles and miles of records are waiting for the microfilmer in every department of government. The Navy apparently will be one of the first to take full advantage of the new technology. It announced at the convention that thirteen of the eighteen firms that had submitted technical proposals for its major catalogue microprinting contract had been asked to submit formal price bids.

The recession has not hit the micrographics business as hard as might be expected in an industry engaged in selling relatively high-priced equipment to other businesses. R. H. Herzog, president of 3M, believes that is because microfilming "opens new, economical opportunities as a space, time, and cost saver" in a period of tight money. The star of this company's extensive display at the equipment show was a microfilm system capable of locating a single document from a file of 414,000 frames in 145 seconds or less.

Another large exhibitor at the show was Eastman Kodak, which displayed among other items a new, high-speed microfilm system with cartridge loading capable of photographing documents at a rate of 2,000 inches (more than 600 check-size documents) per minute. This device automatically processes exposed film at five feet per minute. At a press conference before the convention opened, Kodak announced a new micropublishing service for independent businesses, a system designed to enable any company, educational enterprise, or government agency to publish and disseminate microfilmed information quickly and inexpensively. Kodak's manager of field sales, John R. Robertson, was elected president of the National Microfilm Association this year. A tall, affable Bostonian, Robertson believes that everyone in micrographics is waiting for some dramatic new development in microfilm readers—a device (or devices) that will open up the home and classroom markets.

There were few hints of what that development might be among the products of the 122 exhibitors displayed in 357 booths at the convention. The consensus appeared to be that there was little new this year except refinements and extensions of existing systems. Problems continue to plague the new technology. A major difficulty, for example, is definition on the viewing screens of readers. Some equipment makers are tinting them to reduce glare (another problem) and are working on other ways to make the type more readable. There is some argument over whether rear projection is better than front projection. The rear projectionists dominate, but one of the exhibits that drew most attention was a front-projection reader weighing only fifteen pounds, with a strong, sharp, non-glare image—the product of Washington Scientific Industries, Inc., in Long Lake, Minnesota.

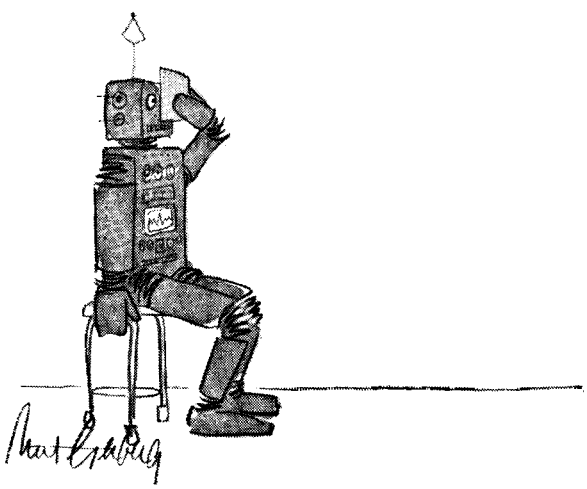
Another of the busiest exhibitors, almost lost among the big-company displays, was a new, young New York firm, Retention Communication Systems, Inc., whose "book-size" microfiche reader attracted exceptional attention because it is small enough (10 inches high, 8½ inches wide, and 3 inches deep) to fit into an attaché case, and weighs only 3½ pounds. Its optical head can be removed from the viewing screen and snapped onto a larger screen, or even projected on a wall. RCS was also displaying a rear-projection cartridge viewer that promises to be revolutionary. This small machine, designed for either home or office, employs a cartridge-carrying sound film, in motion or stills. Its potential for entertainment and education was remarked by many of the delegates.

Among the numerous viewers on display, Xerox's motorized reader, with its 196-square-inch screen for viewing either 16 mm or 35 mm microfilm, attracted much attention. This device reflects the drive by manufacturers of such equipment toward simpler, more easily controlled devices, ones less likely to require servicing, which is also a problem in the industry.

As the micrographics business stands now, it can be divided for the sake of convenience into five broad categories. One is the traditional hardware, that is, the cameras, processors, readers, reader/printers, and similar equipment used to produce and view microfilm. Another is the electronic hardware, designed to speed filming of computerized information by means of computer output microfilm, automated retrieval of filmed information on roll, cartridge, or fiche, and similar uses. The third segment encompasses supplies—the film and chemistry used to produce micrographic products. Then there are the services, the most highly competitive segment, with service bureaus being opened from coast to coast, leading to price competition and higher turnover.

Finally, there is micropublishing, a blooming new business within the industry, although it is the oldest segment. New technology has transformed it, and investors have begun to look upon it as the glamour girl of the business. Micropublishing's uses are many: publishing and distribution of service and parts catalogues, engineering documentation, military manuals, government and financial records, teaching publications, and of course the reproduction of books, where the enormously complicated problem of copyright will have to be solved, either in or out of Congress, before this particular potential can be realized.

The instruments by which all this gadgetry bridges the gap between print and reader are primarily six in number. There is the basic, familiar *microfiche*, a sheet of film measuring 4" x 6", containing microimages in rows on a



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grid. The *microfilm jacket* is like a sandwich—a jacket known as a unitized microform, made by fusing two pieces of thin, clear plastic together with a rib to form channels into which strips of microfilm are inserted. *Ultrafiche* represents a technologic advance by which higher reduction ratios make it possible to get as many as 3,200 pages on one microfiche-size film card; more than a thousand pages of information can be filmed in a little more than one-and-a-half square inches. Most familiar, perhaps, is 16 mm *roll film;* a hundred feet of it will hold up to 3,000 standard letter-size documents or can record more than 40,000 bank checks. *Color microfiche* has just arrived, and offers high fidelity reproduction. Finally, there is the *aperture card,* a combination of a standard data-processing punch card and a chip of 35 mm film, with the film mounted in a pre-cut hole in the card. It is used for filming large engineering documents.

Micrographics is an industry old enough to have a past, and its artifacts are housed in the Archive of Micrographics in Annapolis, Maryland, recording the progress of the art from its beginnings in 1839. Most of its present, however, has been concentrated into the past thirty years, and its expert practitioners believe that these three decades have been only the prelude to a future that will be fully realized in the Seventies. The marriage of microfilm to computers in information systems is the major key to business expansion, but the development of the home market is the area of greatest potential. The implications of Encyclopaedia Britannica's publication on microfiche of 20,000 volumes of its Library of American Civilization and similar projects under way by National Cash Register are not lost on many kinds of prospective users. Nor are the possibilities inherent in microfilm cassettes.

No one is quite sure where micrographics is going, or how it will solve some of its tougher problems, but there is no question that it is coming to play a larger part in American life every year. Already microfilm is in hospitals, law offices, department stores, churches, banks, automobile service centers, factories, offices, police stations, schools, and government offices. By the end of the century, it is estimated, only 50 per cent of our records will be on paper, an item of significance to the paper industry. Before that time, micrographics may well become a prime factor in education and an entirely new means of bringing information and entertainment into everybody's home.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 29: garret, garter, grater.

Newsroom

Continued from page 46

porters are happier because they are being given a more active voice.

"The system has produced a healthy amount of give-and-take within the teams and between editors and special writers," Hartmann said. "No longer must the editor theorize and imagine when the time is ripe for a story. He can now confirm his thinking by discussing the merits of the proposed assignment with the team leader. No longer must the reporter accept without question what he feels is a waste of time. He can discuss its merits with the team leader and sell him the idea or have it scrapped. Fifteen years ago, the iron-handed city editor dealt out assignments like a stud poker player. . . . Today, the team concept gives the reporter the option of tossing in his hand, dealing himself a new hand, or calling the game. He isn't hung up on make-work stories conceived by an editor who hasn't been on the street in twenty years and doesn't really know what is happening there."

All this does not mean that the so-called New Journalism is stampeding through the American press. Hundreds of newspapers, both large and small, still do little more than cover routine news and aren't doing an adequate job of even that. Resistance to new approaches is characteristic of many editors and publishers.

Nonetheless, it is quite apparent that the idea that there might be a different way to put out a newspaper has taken hold and is hanging on. Specialization and team reporting have passed the experimental stage at the more advanced dailies. The time-honored beat system, while still in the picture, is the object of a lot of second thoughts these days. If the beats survive at all, it will most likely be in different form. With surveys showing a public preference for television over the newspaper as a news medium and a greater degree of believability in video reporting, it's time for publishers to move in a different direction. The memory of vanished newspapers that had remained loyal to old ways should stir them, if nothing else.

Besides, there is a crying need for probing, interpretive journalism. It is not suggested here that newspapers drop straight news reporting, but analytical, explanatory, and background stories should get equal billing. Who else is doing this on a daily basis? Certainly not television. CBS's *The Selling of the Pentagon* was as rare as it was controversial. Actually, the new emphasis on specialization and team reporting can—and has—produced a number of page 1, hard news stories.

The transition in the newsroom should be welcomed by both the journalist and the reader.

"Farnsbee South"

Continued from page 29

a callous superior. Mrs. Schiller is a shock victim of Nazi persecution; Bigelow, an ex-football star driven beyond endurance by his overly ambitious father; and Dr. Sourette, a young Haitian intern, who wants desperately to return home, but can't because of the God-like power of Dr. Prokosch, the director. There are well over a dozen characters, each with a convincing story, which cumulatively have a devastating effect.

Appropriately, the novel ends with the New York blackout of November 1965, which Miss Hudson uses in the broadest sense as a failure of power—of the powerful. When Rex Bannister, the central character, emerges into the streets, he hears the crowds speaking of "them" and "they," "the powerful ones, the privileged ones who had run things for so long and had now run one huge city to a dead stop. It seemed to lie nose down in the earth with a few black spars rising up against the sky."

And as he walks faster up Park Avenue toward Harlem, the already wide human content of the novel seems to expand to encompass mankind at large—the vast community of suffering, the legions of the oppressed. A sense of imminent revolt lingers in the air. A sense, too, of Christianity in its earliest days, when the meek were the true heroes of the Church.

What saves the book from bleakness is its beauty of execution, its profound humanity, and its occasional surprising wit. At times the author's narrative pace slows down, for almost nothing takes place in *Farnsbee South,* and perhaps the book's most curious flaw is that the protagonist is so vaguely drawn. Thus admirers of Miss Hudson's earlier novels, *Meyer Meyer* and *Tell the Time to None,* may find this one imperfect, hardly comparable in impact to several remarkable short stories in her last book, *The Listener.* Nevertheless, elements of *Farnsbee South,* particularly its conclusion, indicate that it may be a new beginning for this talented writer.

M. Cronan Minton, a journalist for the Lancaster (Pa.) Sunday News, writes short stories.

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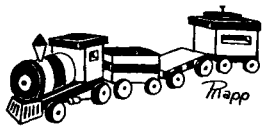
Sexistentialism

Continued from page 25

ages of strangeness, its starved longing for religious experience:

> JOHN: I'm at a party—I may walk into a bedroom and see people having sex for the fun of it. . . . I tell you something, seeing three women in the same room reaching their climaxes almost together, getting the feeling that one triggers the other, is really something to see. The expression of complete pleasure and release on their faces. The men exhausted, staying in for a while and softly talking to the women—really, it's a wonderful experience. In that situation I join in, become part of that group orgasm. . . .
>
> SCOTT: I feel that in certain swinging groups you can reach an intense closeness with people; not always sexually and not always sensually, but a strong bond between people can be created.



> I've been surprised to find a lot of people who want this kind of closeness, a tribal feeling of concern for one another in sort of an extended family as opposed to one-to-one, individual selfishness. . . . I honestly feel that this group involvement, from what I have seen, . . . [is] a way to maintain [one's] sanity through a rejuvenation of feeling.
>
> —*The Groupsex Tapes*

Ironies abound in this emergent, mass sexistentialism, this buried wordless dream of couplings that will strike through the masks of culture, habit, predictability—through pointless labor, disintegrated community, political impotence—toward an energized self. One irony is that a position originally staked out as individual and heroic (*cf.* Norman Mailer) should so swiftly have turned demotic. Another irony is that, men and habit being what they are, the sexistentialist experimenter's yearning for unpatterned experience is already caught in ineluctable conflict, in some group-sex communities, owing to an instant rigidifying of ritual (*cf.* Bartell).

But the ironies, like the gaucheries, shouldn't detain anyone long. The significant cumulative gift of these materials is the fierce revelation of need, the implicit persuasive indictment of contemporary institutional life. Middle Americans, parents, home-owners, "business people," hippie-haters, family men—these were his "subjects," reports Dr. Bartell, speaking for other inquirers into "revolutionary sexuality." But over and over you grasp as you read that in any of the presumed identities—as parents, say, or "heads of households"—few of the "subjects" have better than a shadowy existence. The fathers have had little fatherhood: cannot discover themselves as figures of mystery in the eyes of a child studying a grownup's mastery of a craft, cannot be teachers of values or skills, cannot instruct in ethical opinion, cannot be held responsible by anyone, even themselves, for the fates of their young. Like the infantilized woman, they are diminished beings. Whatever gospels are learned in their houses—whether Christ or Shakespeare is the author, or Nixon or Rubin or Dylan or Young & Rubicam—neither father nor mother is a sponsor or an origin. Their sense of personal reality eroded, these people of "mature years" strike out for vaguely remembered traditional roles and functions—provisioner, counselor—but even in this enterprise they are awkward, feel stagey, fake.

And their story is not finally aberrational or marginal, whatever the proportion of exoticists of sex to the whole population turns out to be. "We shall have to create—not merely discover—a new foundation for human community as such. In historical terms this [means] not the end of history, but its first consciously planned beginning. . . ." Hannah Arendt read this truth in the collapse of civilization under Hitler; the same truth peeps forth here in a clutch of sex books; and it is no more a truth "just for swingers" than, in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, it was a truth "just for Jews." The fury roused by the improbability that any political leader will address this truth shortly is perverse: why should the need for new beginnings register more irresistibly in testimony of *luxo* self-indulgence than in scenes of poverty, murder, disease? But this paradox, too, can be put aside. The fact that matters is that the startling, ugly, moving evidences of frustration and emptiness in these highcult and lowcult books aren't finally trivial. They announce that the country's true need is for a politics of institutional transformation, a cultural politics, a serious and *reasoned* challenge to its whole way of life. They mock the notion of patch-up programs—"massive, White House-sponsored sex-education drives and the like." They tell us where, drunk with the best of luck and plenty, men without purpose come out.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1a (*Hard Times*), 2e, 3j, 4d (*Little Dorrit*), 5g (*Bleak House*), 6l (*Pickwick Papers*), 7k (*Tale of Two Cities*), 8c, 9f (*Old Curiosity Shop*), 10h (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), 11b (*Our Mutual Friend*), 12i.

"Prudery and Passion"

Continued from page 30

has organized a sociological panorama of nineteenth-century America.

Taking a brief preliminary look at the inventors of the American sexual conscience, the author observes that the Puritans "were realists . . . a virile breed only too well aware of the hungers of the body." To them the Devil was a mighty opponent to be dragged into the open and fought tooth and nail. In contrast, the pietistic Victorians lived in dread that Old Mischief *might* pop into the open. And, of course, as Calvinist orthodoxy declined in the post-revolutionary era, the pietistic breed rose to middle-class dominance. "Mrs. Grundy had taken over from Cotton Mather," in the author's phrase, and the "enshrined virtues were respectability and material success."

Thus, by the early 1800s, what is generically termed the Victorian era had set in, and the land was awash in gentility. Rugoff explores in illustrative detail the rabid concern for property and propriety, the dehumanizing idealization of women, and the accompanying double standard—even in the double bed—which were soon in full command. Abetted by preachers and, incredibly, by many physicians, the fantasy that "normal" women didn't have sexual desires was ubiquitously propagated, although men's "animal" instincts were tacitly accepted—ideally to be indulged in only for procreational purposes in marriage. The pervasive influence of this nay-saying, sham morality drove some to secret debauchery and countless others to lives of neurotically supine conformity. Examples of the more ludicrous limits to which this censorious prudishness was carried are also documented.

Silhouetted against this paradoxical scene were the anti-Establishment rebels who increasingly emerged as the century progressed—social crusaders and feminists, utopians, religious visionaries, and free-love advocates. Rugoff's evocations of the bellwether figures among them comprise a perceptive and absorbing spectrum of humanity—ranging from the zany to the heroic.

Except for a few of the last-mentioned pioneers, *Prudery and Passion* has no heroes. In effect, Mr. Rugoff indicts an age, too all-inclusively, I feel. But he does it with such well-articulated vigor, such command of his protean subject matter and relish for storytelling that reservations are suspended while in the sweep of it.

Patricia MacManus is a free-lance literary and social critic.

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The Book Machine

Continued from page 17

the first of sixteen books of "The Motor Boys Series," and the initial volumes of "The Racer Boys," and the "Jack Ranger Series." As "Victor Appleton" (who would later be the author of *Tom Swift*), he wrote "The Movie Boys Series" about teen-agers who owned and operated a nationwide chain of theaters; these were not to be confused with his "Moving Picture Boys," who were cinema photographers. As "Allen Chapman," he explained in a number of volumes how "The Radio Boys" built their first wireless and used it to fight floods and forest fires. Chapman was also the author of "The Railroad Series," in which young Ralph Fairbanks rose from engine washer in the roundhouse to the throttle of the Great Northern Line's crack Overland Express and on to be chief dispatcher of the line.

Of course, half the juvenile reading public was female, and Stratemeyer moved into the girls' book area as "May Hollis Barton" ("The Barton Books for Girls"), "Annie Roe Carr" ("The Nan Sherwood Series"), "Alice B. Emerson" (the "Betty Gordon" and "Ruth Fielding" series), and others. As "Laura Lee Hope," he began "The Moving Picture Girls," "The Outdoor Girls," "The Six Little Bunkers," and the "Bunny Brown" books. And as "Helen Louise Thorndike," he created the "Honey Bunch Series."

In 1904 Stratemeyer (as Laura Lee Hope) hit the jackpot with *The Bobbsey Twins*, who not only would outsell the Rovers but would satisfy his perpetual quest for timelessness. The "Bobbseys" were reprinted again and again, with minor revision, up to the present, and will probably go on forever. To date they have sold more than fifty million copies, each enjoyed by an average of two readers.

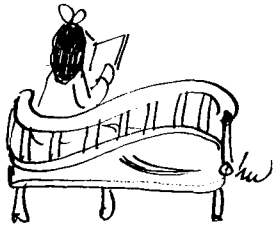
The "Bobbseys" were aimed at a younger market and covered both male and female readers. There were two sets of twins, Flossie and Freddie, who were four years old, and Nan and Bert, who were eight (they were later raised to six and twelve). They had a beloved dog, Snap, and a mischievous cat, Snoop. Most of the excitement in the series was at the under-ten level. Flossie saw a snake at a Sunday school picnic, but it turned out to be only an old dead stick. Mr. Bobbsey's wallet was stolen by a tramp. The littlest Bobbseys, however, were often in real danger: lost, caught in thunderstorms, trapped in a runaway balloon, or facing some similar peril.

Having secured an established following, Stratemeyer began to put his considerable business acumen into play. Using the kind of reasoning that would later make Henry Ford a billionaire, he talked his publishers into slashing the prices of the "Rover" and "Motor Boys" series from a dollar to 50 cents, relying on volume sales to make up and exceed lost profit. The plan was a smashing success. At half a dollar, kids could buy the books without going through the parent-middleman.

Affluence did not affect Stratemeyer's life-style, and the use of pseudonyms kept him from the perils and penalties of celebrity. He stayed on in Newark, a devoted family man with a portfolio of conservative blue chip investments, living as he had always done and seeing the old friends of his stationery store days. But there was little time for his home and his growing daughters. His profession made constant and often impossible demands on his energies.

By 1908 the demand had risen to a point where it could no longer be filled by one individual, and he was forced to set up a syndicate, a kind of literary assembly line, as Alexandre Dumas had done two generations earlier. The system worked simply. Stratemeyer would write a three-page outline with locale, characters, and a chapter-by-chapter plot. This was passed to a contract writer. There were often as many as twenty writers, many of them newspapermen, working simultaneously. The finished product was returned to Stratemeyer for editing. It was then put on electrotype plates and leased to a publisher. Stratemeyer retained all copyrights. The whole process took a month to six weeks.

The Stratemeyer Syndicate came up with "Baseball Joe," "The X Bar X Boys," "The Boys (and The Girls) of Columbia High," "The Dave Dashaway Series," "The Don Sturdy Series," and others. In 1913 an upstart named Edgar Rice Burroughs had burst upon the scene with a hot property about a half-naked white savage who swung through trees and fought bare-handed with lions. Stratemeyer countered with a series about "Bomba the Jungle Boy," a half-naked *teen-ager* who swung through trees and fought bare-handed with pumas and jaguars. Burroughs had also invented a kind of popular science fiction, inspired by Jules Verne, in which people made preposterous trips to other planets. Stratemeyer's "Roy Rockwood" produced "The Great Marvel Series," in which boys visited other worlds and penetrated to the center of the Earth. "Garry Grayson" dominated the junior football world, and "Lt. Howard Payson" wrote about the "Motor Cycle Chums" and the "Boy Scouts." "The Speedwell Boys," "The White Ribbon Boys," "The Air Service Boys," and many, many more issued forth from the busy syndicate.



In 1910 a new star appeared in the syndicate galaxy. It was Tom Swift, a young inventor based on New Jersey's own Thomas Edison. In the next two decades, Tom would sell more than twice as many books as the Rover Boys, a total of fifteen million. Tom invented and built in his own backyard such items as a giant locomotive, a dirigible, a submarine, and a silent airplane engine. The kids loved it. The books were full of scientific jargon they could repeat in school.

> "I have only had rigged here one trolley wire. There must be two attached alternately to the catenary cable. Such a form of twin conductor trolley will permit the collection of a heavy current through the twin contact of the pantagraph with the two trolley wires, and should assure a sparkless collection of the current at any speed. You noticed that when I took the sharper curves there was an aerial exhibition. I want to do away with the fireworks."

Most of the inventions were not only plausible but ahead of their time. Tom invented the portable moving picture camera in 1912; the Victor Ciné camera did not appear until 1923. His 1914 photo-telephone preceded the Bell Telephone phototelegraphic device by eleven years. His rapid-fire electric rifle came five years before the first Browning machine rifle appeared in 1916. His electric locomotive was in production two years before the New Jersey Central Railroad ran its first diesel-electric. His house on wheels preceded the first auto trailer by a year.

When kids began to tire of Tom's inventions, because telephones, trailers, and cameras were no longer astounding, Tom went into a decline. He was allowed to marry blushing Mary Nestor, his boyhood sweetheart, and retire to his house on wheels to live on the profits of the Swift Construction Company, a complex of industries that had grown out of his backyard lab. (In the late 1950s, more than twenty years after Stratemeyer's death, Grosset & Dunlap issued a new "Tom Swift, Jr., Series" —written by "Victor Appleton II, nephew of the original Appleton." Tom Junior interested himself in rockets,

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bathyspheres, and jet propulsion in an attempt to keep up-to-date.)

The syndicate turned them out through the Twenties, creating new series, reviving old ones, and delighting millions of kids throughout the United States and Europe. The formula was simple. At the beginning of each book there was a plug for earlier books in the series, and at the end there was a teaser designed to sell the next volume. Every book contained a mystery to be solved and a thrilling vehicular chase. Every chapter ended on a "holding point" generously peppered with italics or exclamation marks, such as a ghost, an explosion, crazy laughter, or deadly peril to make the reader zoom into the next chapter regardless of bedtime, homework, or parental injunction.

> Mr. Sturdy raised his pistol and fired. One of the men went down. But the others hurled their spears, and one of them struck Mr. Sturdy, felling him to the earth.
>
> With cries of grief and rage, Don and Teddy sprang forward and struck fiercely at their assailants with clubs.
>
> But then came a rush from behind and the boys went down, still struggling, but to no avail. The mass of their enemies overwhelmed them, and in a moment they were securely bound.
>
> They were in the power of the head-hunters!

Each book contained a liberal helping of "jokes"—slapstick falls, outrageous puns, gluttonous fat boys or girls, people with foreign accents, comical Negro retainers with minstrel-show dialogue and wildly rolling eyeballs, and an occasional vaudeville Jew, tight-fisted and greedy. The racial and ethnic stereotypes vanished in time, but the jokes, which were designed to fracture the ten-to-fourteen set, remain as awful as ever. "Are you all right, Tom?" asks Mary Nestor, after Tom Swift has made an unusually bumpy landing in his Air Scout. "No," says the young inventor. "Half of me is left!"

The syndicate went on from triumph to triumph. But any of Stratemeyer's busy writers could have told him that things were going entirely too well. There had to be a mysterious stranger, a villain, a counterplot. The dastardly bully was none other than the chief librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, one Franklin K. Mathiews. The 1908 creation of the Scouts had stimulated production of hundreds of books, including Stratemeyer's own "Boy Scouts Series," and Mathiews considered them trash. Real Boy Scouts didn't kill spies or solve murder mysteries or fall prey to would-be murderers or arsonists. Mathiews went to the publishers with an offer to break into the book market with a printed list of BSA-approved books and a "Boy Scout Safety First Book Week."

Stratemeyer ignored the menace. His publishers didn't. They issued a Mathiews-approved list of "Juveniles of Distinction," and sold two million books. Mathiews followed through with an article in *The Outlook* entitled "Blowing Out the Boy's Brains," in which he condemned the Stratemeyer genre as "cheap destroyers of boyish imagination" that stultified the thinking process "as brain and body are destroyed by strong drink." Sales dropped at once, although Stratemeyer promptly issued his own "approved" list.

As a final body blow, Mathiews looked around for a counter-Stratemeyer, and came up with Percy Keese Fitzhugh, who wrote "The Tom Slade Series," about supposedly true-to-life Boy Scouts. The series sold three million copies and started each member of Tom Slade's Scout troop on a series of his own. The books about Roy Blakely, Wig-Wag Wiegand, Pee-Wee Harris, and others cut sharply into Stratemeyer's near-monopoly.

It was touch-and-go for a while. In the long run, Stratemeyer won out and regained his ascendancy, while the Fitzhugh series dwindled away, but he had learned his lesson. Future series toned down danger, thrills, and violence in favor of well-researched instruction.

In 1927, Stratemeyer, uncontested champion and a millionaire in his mid-sixties, supervised the creation of two new series that were to outsell all previous syndicate properties except the "Bobbsey Twins." "The Nancy Drew Series" to date has sold more than thirty million copies, second only to the Bobbseys but presently outselling them by six to one. Right behind Nancy are the "Hardy Boys," a pair of modern day Rovers who work full-time as teen-aged private detectives, with an all-time sales record of twenty-seven million and still going strong.

Stratemeyer would never know about the successes of his new series, or that five "Nancy Drew" movies would be made with Bonita Granville, as well as an afternoon "Hardy Boys" television series. He died in 1930, of pneumonia. His stricken publishers prevailed on his two daughters to carry on. One Stratemeyer daughter, Mrs. Harriet S. Adams, has created a new "Nancy Drew" each year, and together with writer and business partner Andrew E. Svenson operates today in East Orange, issuing plot outlines to contract writers as her father did in 1910. The older books are rewritten and brought up to date from year to year to insure their timelessness, and the spirit of Edward Stratemeyer lives on in them. Middle-aged dwellers-in-the-past who never heard of him owe him a debt of gratitude for countless happy evenings and rainy Saturdays. Most people over forty can thank him for their first interest in books and reading. If anyone ever deserved a bronze statue in Central Park, somewhere between Hans Christian Andersen and Alice in Wonderland, it is Edward Stratemeyer, incomparable king of juveniles.

"The operator at Random House put him on 'hold.' That was the day before yesterday."

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(Continued on page 56)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 55)

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-0X 7-4341.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1944

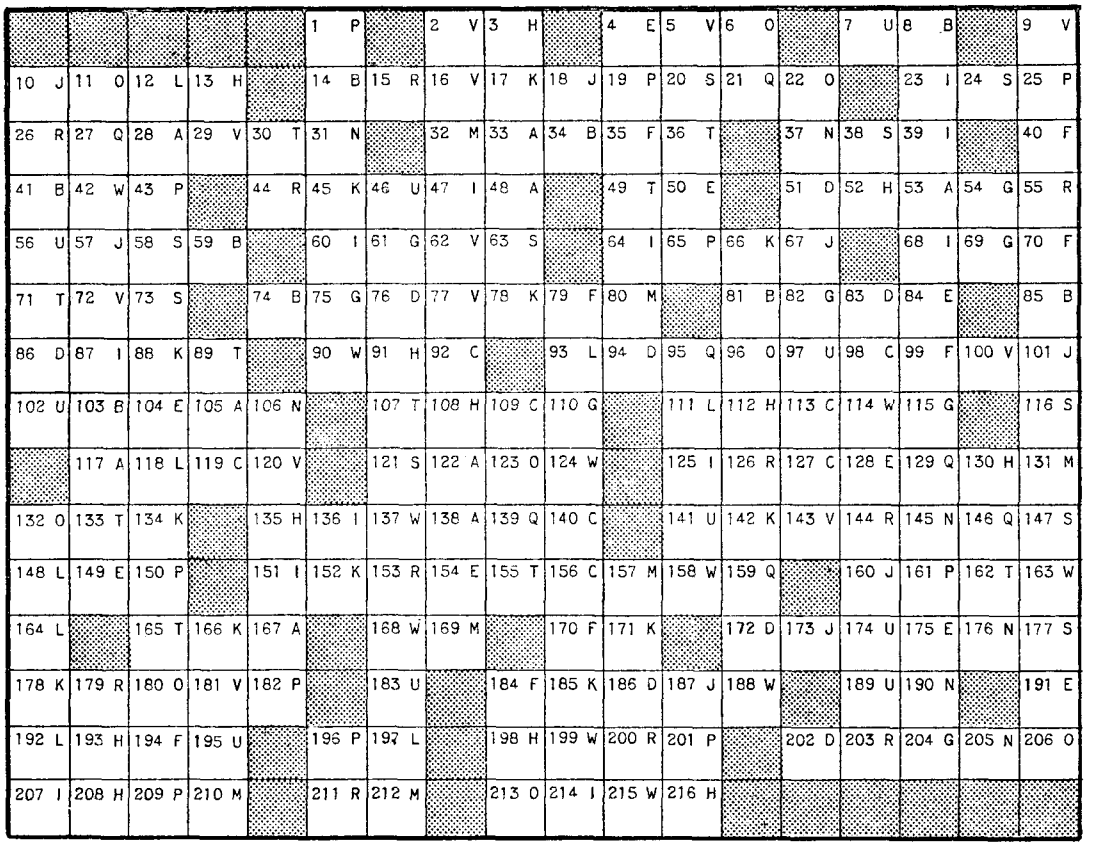
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Target of Thomas Nast (2 wds.)	28 33 48 53 105 117 122 138 167
B. Exalting	34 74 81 103 8 14 41 59 85
C. Excessively, very great	92 98 109 113 119 127 140 156
D. Absence of esteem	172 186 202 51 76 83 86 94
E. Type of bad sport (2 wds.)	104 4 149 84 128 191 50 154 175
F. Title role for Richard Harris	70 79 99 170 184 194 35 40
G. Moralizing discourses	54 69 204 61 75 82 110 115
H. At full strength	112 135 193 208 3 52 91 108 130 198 13 216
I. Four words after *in the:* to be determined by fate	60 87 125 136 64 151 207 214 23 39 47 68
J. Creature that "trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth" (Job, 40:15-23)	160 173 10 18 57 101 187 67
K. Charitable	78 88 142 152 17 45 66 134 166 178 185 171
L. "With crosses, relics, crucifixes,/Beads, pictures, ——, and pixes." (Butler, "Hudibras")	192 197 12 93 111 118 148 164
M. *Irish Eng.*: boy, lad; male servant.	210 212 32 80 131 157 169
N. Gushing forth	106 145 205 37 176 190 31
O. Hephaestus' cheating wife	123 132 96 213 11 22 180 206 6
P. People of no importance	19 161 182 201 209 25 65 196 1 43 150
Q. One of the Pleiades; one of the Harpies	95 159 139 146 21 27 129
R. Three words after *thrown:* left at the mercy of a corrupting or destructive agency	179 15 211 126 26 44 203 153 200 55 144
S. *Into stir;* to the pen (3 wds.)	24 147 20 38 58 73 116 177 63 121
T. "—— Zarathustra," by Nietzsche (2 Ger. wds.)	165 107 36 162 89 155 30 49 71 133
U. Riotous, hilarious (comp.)	46 183 174 56 7 97 195 189 141 102
V. Site, c. 7 mi, N of Richmond, of battle in which J.E.B. Stuart was mortally wounded (2 wds.)	77 72 120 100 181 143 9 2 62 29 16 5
W. Hindu mystic (1863-1902), major exponent of the Vedanta philosophy	42 168 137 188 163 199 114 215 158 124 90

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 4 of this issue.

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